

Wm Smith
SPIRIT

Wm Smith OF THE
ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, DECEMBER 1, 1829. [VOL. 3, No. 5.

ON HIEROGLYPHICS AND EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.*

It is a remarkable fact, that the most valuable discoveries which adorn the arts and the sciences have arisen from fortunate accidents, rather than from a precise idea of what was wanted, or from a regular pursuit of the means by which the particular object was to be attained.† The learned of Europe, for example, had for more than seventeen hundred years expended all their knowledge and research, with the view of finding out the meaning of a certain order of sacred engravings which met the eye of every traveller in Egypt; and yet it was not until some French pioneers, about the beginning of this century, dug up a stone in the foundation of a fort at Rosetta, that the true import of the most interesting class of hieroglyphics was ascertained. The slab now mentioned fell as a trophy into the hands of the English, and was subsequently conveyed to the British Museum, where it still remains. Upon examination it was found to present an inscription written in three different sorts of cha-

acters, one of which, as will be stated by and by, was used to interpret the two others.

There are three authors of antiquity who allude to the signs or characters employed by the Egyptians for communicating information, or for recording events. Herodotus, in his second book, and Diodorus Siculus, in the 81st chapter of his first book, inform us that the learned men of Egypt had two different kinds of writing, the sacred and the vulgar; but their details are so extremely scanty, that they afford not the means of perceiving the grounds of the distinction which they attempt to establish, nor of defining the limits which separate the nature and use of the two species of composition. Clemens Alexandrinus, who lived at a considerably later period, and who, from his profession as a christian priest in an Egyptian city, could not fail to become acquainted with the different kinds of hieroglyphics, tells us, in the fifth book of his *Miscellanies*, that

* Lectures on the Elements of Hieroglyphics and Egyptian Antiquities. By the Marquis Spineto. London: Rivington. 1829.

† In a highly interesting lecture, introductory to the course for the present season before the Boston Mechanics' Institution, the Hon. Joseph Story maintained the reverse of the above assertion. The most valuable discoveries in the arts and sciences were, he said, the results of long and patient investigation, frequent experiments, and gradual improvement,—and were less to be attributed to what is called *luck* than is generally supposed. Many cases could doubtless be brought forward in support of both these assertions; but so long as it is known that patient study, unwearied industry and perseverance, have resulted in some of the most important discoveries and inventions which have administered to the wants or the conveniences, or to the intellectual improvement of mankind, there are sufficient inducements to apply them to scientific pursuits, though accident *may* have occasionally produced, in a day, what industrious research had failed to accomplish for many centuries.

well educated persons in the country of the Ptolemies, learn first the *epistolary* characters, next the *hieratic* or sacred, and lastly, the *hieroglyphic*, the most perfect of the whole. The hieroglyphical signs, he adds, are divided into two classes, of which the first is expressive of objects symbolically, and the other, directly, by means of the *first elements*.

Now that the secret is discovered, every one is amazed that no person, since the days of Clement, was fortunate enough to conjecture that by "first elements" he might possibly mean the *initial sounds* of the words in which any particular objects engraved on a hieroglyphic tablet, were expressed in the common language of the country. The ingenious researches of Dr. Young, Champollion,* and others, have enabled us to expound the ambiguous phrase of the Alexandrian presbyter, and to discover in it this simple expedient, namely, that, as applied to our own tongue, the figure of an eagle would have represented the sound E; that of a mouse, M; that of a pen, P; that of an eel, E; that of a rat, R; that of an ox, O; and that of a raven, R. And in this way we should have made up, by means of the first elements, or initial letters of the several words, eagle, mouse, pen, eel, rat, ox and raven, the term EMPEROR. It was, we ought to observe, to give utterance to proper names that the method now described was usually employed, for it was only in such a case that the *symbolical* hieroglyphics could not be applied to the purpose of the historian. All action and suffering, and even sentiments of the mind, could be expressed by signs to a certain extent. Whatever a good pantomime could communicate by attitudes and gestures, an expert hierogrammatist could convey by imitative painting; but a mere sound, the name of a king, or a

commander, could not be transmitted to posterity except by alphabetical characters of some kind or other. Those employed by the Egyptian priests in their Kuriological hieroglyphics, as Clemens Alexandrinus calls them, are probably the rudest as well as the most ancient of which modern literature has obtained any knowledge; and yet it is not altogether unreasonable to conclude that the alphabets of the oriental tongues, and consequently those of the western languages, may have originated in a similar necessity. The main point, however, with us, in giving this outline of a most important discovery, is to draw attention to the fact just stated, and to explain that, by *phonetic* hieroglyphics, is meant that particular order of signs in the ancient carvings of Egypt, which, when expressed in words, supplied, in the manner illustrated above, the alphabetical sounds which were required to give utterance to a name or designation.

The Rosetta stone, as we have said, contains an inscription in three several languages, or sets of characters; one in Greek, another in hieroglyphics, and the third in a sort of running hand, called *enchorial* or *demotic*, that is, the common characters of the country. The slab is mutilated in several places, so that the top part of the hieroglyphical inscription is altogether wanting, and the beginning of the second, as well as the end of the third, are imperfect. But still enough is left to give a proper idea of its purport and contents. This precious relic, as might have been expected, soon attracted the attention of the greatest scholars of Europe; of Porson and Heyne in regard to the Greek, and of M. Selvestre de Sacy, Akerblad, Dr. Young, and Champollion, with respect to the hieroglyphic and the enchorial or demotic characters. The Greek, of course, proved

* M. Champollion is a member of the scientific expedition now in Egypt, sent out by the French government for the purpose of examining more particularly than had heretofore been done, the hieroglyphics and other antiquities of that interesting country. This expedition left France in the summer of 1828, and the communications of M. Champollion, since then, to the Academy of Sciences, have contained accounts of many important discoveries.

the key to the hieroglyphic and demotic inscriptions, and finally paved the way for the discovery, in the former class, of phonetic signs, that is, of objects which were meant to convey sounds and not ideas. It was ascertained that the Rosetta tablet contained a decree of the Egyptian priests, solemnly assembled in the temple, who inscribed on this stone, as a public expression of their gratitude, all the events of the reign of Ptolemy Epiphanes; his liberality to the temples and to the gods, his success against his rebellious subjects, his clemency towards some of the traitors, his measures to prevent the bad effects which arise from excessive inundation of the Nile, his care to remedy the damage which had already taken place, and his munificence towards the college of the priests, by remitting the arrears of taxes due for several years to the treasury. The whole concludes by ordering that "this decree shall be engraved on a hard stone, in sacred characters, in common characters, and in Greek; and placed in the first temples, in the second temples, and in the third temples, wherever may be the holy image of the king, whose life is forever."

We must refer to the able and entertaining lectures of the Marquis Spineto for a narrative of the discovery as begun by Dr. Young, and carried to a higher degree of improvement by the energetic mind of Champollion. It was in 1814 that Dr. Young's first paper on the subject appeared in the *Archæologia*. With the aid of Akerblad and De Sacy he had succeeded in deciphering the enchorial characters on the Rosetta stone, and thereby of obtaining an alphabet—a very limited one indeed—which might assist him in his future researches, and encourage others to follow his example. "Things remained in this state for some time, when a curious circumstance showed to a demonstration that the demotic alphabet of Akerblad, De Sacy, and Dr. Young, was the true alphabet employed by the old Egyptians. This was nothing else than

the discovery of a second stone, formerly existing at Menouf, containing an inscription in demotic and Greek characters. This stone belonged to M. Drovetti, the French consul at Alexandria; and Dr. Young, who saw it at Leghorn, and very properly considered it as a very important document, the only supplement, in fact, to the pillar of Rosetta then in existence, did all he could to obtain, though in vain, an impression of it. But what the learned Doctor could not get from the illiberal jealousy of M. Drovetti, he got by chance. On his way home he saw M. Champollion at Paris, who copied for him some parts of a very important papyrus, written in clear enchorial characters; and very soon after, Mr. Grey, on his return from Egypt, left with him a box containing several fine specimens of writing and drawing on papyrus, which Mr. Grey had purchased from an Arab at Thebes, chiefly in hieroglyphics, amongst which were two particularly deserving attention, inasmuch as they contained some Greek characters in a pretty legible hand. In examining one of these manuscripts, Dr. Young, to his great astonishment and delight, found that it began with these words, "A copy of an Egyptian writing;" and on proceeding with his examination, it turned out to be a correct translation of the very MS. which M. Champollion had transcribed for him; and both of them in reality were nothing less than the copy of the inscription engraved on the stone discovered at Menouf, belonging to M. Drovetti, which Dr. Young had seen at Leghorn.

The name of Drovetti has long been associated with the search for Egyptian curiosities, but very little to his credit, either for liberality or for a strict regard to prior occupation. The volumes of Belzoni record a series of vexations inflicted upon that enterprising traveller, through the influence of the French consul; and we have been recently made acquainted with another instance of his jealousy towards England, which seems to de-

mand reproof of a different kind from any that can be administered through the press. Mr. James Burton, who has spent several years on the banks of the Nile, discovered, a few months ago, in the threshold of a ruined temple, a slab containing an inscription written, as in the case of the Rosetta stone, in three different sets of characters, hieroglyphic, demotic, and Greek. Drovetti used means, not of the most honorable kind, it is insinuated, to have this literary treasure taken from the Englishman, and transferred to the charge of the French consulate; and although copies of the inscription and a plaster cast of the tablet were secured before the seizure was made, there is still reason to lament that the labors of so deserving a scholar should have terminated in an issue so fruitless and annoying. It is worthy of notice that Mr. Burton's discovery was not casual, but the result of an active search continued at intervals during five successive years; and it is added, that agreeably to the rules adopted in Egypt by Europeans who visit the ancient buildings of the Pharaohs with scientific views, the stone found in the mosque of Giamma Emir Yakoor belonged indisputably to Mr. Burton. It was during the few days he was allowed to retain it that he made the copies and cast mentioned above: a task which was not executed without considerable difficulty, owing to the labor of moving so ponderous a body in the changes of position necessary for deciphering the more obscure letters and figures.

A sort of controversy was maintained for a short time throughout the republic of letters as to the honor of discovering the *phonetic* alphabet. Champollion, who took the hint from Dr. Young, thought proper almost immediately after to assume to himself the whole merit of expounding the famous passage in Clemens Alexandrinus, and of determining the true meaning of the phrase "first elements." But there is no longer any doubt among candid men that the

whole credit of reducing figures to letters, and emblems to sounds, must be granted to Dr. Young. The Frenchman had unquestionably improved upon this discovery, and greatly increased the number of alphabetical signs; but he himself acknowledges, that even in the year 1814, the secret was revealed by certain articles published in the *Archæologia*, and in the *Museum Criticum*, the avowed works of his rival. It is admitted on the other hand by the friends of Dr. Young, that his first essays were not free from mistakes; and even that his conjectures in some instances were essentially erroneous. They have, however, the satisfaction of showing that he ascertained the sounds indicated by several figures in the Rosetta inscription, that he effected a translation of the demotic or enchorial section of it, and, in short, established on the most convincing grounds the first principles of the system. The Marquis Spineto adds his suffrage to this conclusion in favor of the Englishman. "The merit of having first thought of ascertaining, by fact, the opinion of Zoëga and Warburton, to read hieroglyphics as letters, and of actually spelling the names of Berenice and Ptolemy, is, after all, so great as to counterbalance every possible mistake; for it was upon this discovery that M. Champollion afterwards engrafted his system, and was enabled to carry his researches into Egyptian antiquities and Egyptian hieroglyphics, to the truly astonishing degree that he has done." In short, the man who first found out that the figure of a lion in an inscription meant L, and not the wild beast, is entitled to the full honor of explaining the doctrine of phonetic hieroglyphics. But Dr. Young did more than this, for in deciphering the names of Berenice and Ptolemy, he fixed the characters—the oval, the parallelogram, the fox, the goose, the feather, the lion—which corresponded to the letters L. M. N. P. T. F. These sounds may be, and often are, expressed by other signs besides those mark-

ed b
great
serve
of a
ver
letter

It
polli
phon
he fi
subj
mani
stand
agree
guag
exam
obsc
St. C
ferre
done
than
(Ori
scrib
phic
netig
le m
siqu
name
what
whic
age
"Pr
hast
it a
usua
writ
subj

T
wor
plic
nour
phy,
Egy
with
no d
harv
rece
ever
ente
enga
crea
ture
that
rega
Egy

ed by Dr. Young. "Yet it was a great matter," as the marquis observes, "when no one ever dreamt of a hieroglyphical alphabet to discover a few characters for some of the letters."

It is very clear, besides, that Champollion had not a distinct notion of a phonetic system of hieroglyphics when he first addressed the world on the subject; a fact which, we think, is manifested by the singular circumstance that no two readers could agree as to the meaning of his language. Sir William Drummond, for example, thought his exposition so obscure, that the ancient definition of St. Clement was decidedly to be preferred. "He would perhaps have done better to have followed Clemens than to have given this new account." (Origines, vol. ii. p. 288.) He describes the third species of hieroglyphical writing as "*de caracteres phonetiques*, exprimant les sons encore par le moyen des images des objets physiques." "But," says the author just named, "it is not always easy to tell what is the precise physical object of which a phonetic character is the image;" and every one who reads the "Precis" of Champollion will make haste to acknowledge that there is in it a greater degree of obscurity than usually accompanies the pen of a writer who fully comprehends his subject.

The most interesting portion of the work now before us respects the application of the discovery which it announces to the religion, the geography, and the general history of ancient Egypt. We are as yet furnished only with the first fruits of what, we have no doubt, will form a most abundant harvest; but the little which we have received makes us very anxious that every facility may be granted to the enterprising persons who are at present engaged in establishing means for increasing the stores of primeval literature and philosophy. We observe that the facts already ascertained in regard to the successive dynasties of Egyptian sovereigns require a larger

period between the deluge and the era of Abraham than is marked out by the Hebrew chronology, while they coincide in a remarkable manner with the more extended interval sanctioned by the narrative of the Septuagint. This apparent difficulty, which is in fact an indirect proof that the record of Manetho and the interpretations of Champollion are founded in truth, has led the marquis into an interesting disquisition on the chronology of the Old Testament, in the course of which he pays a well-merited tribute to the industry of Dr. Russell of Leith, who in his late work has entered at great length into the intricate but very important question which respects the comparative authority of the two systems of dates to which we have just alluded. In his sixth lecture the Marquis says, "To those of my readers who wish to make themselves acquainted with this subject, I beg to recommend the introduction to 'A Connection of Sacred and Profane History,' by Dr. Russell; a work in which the reader will find exhibited, in a short but luminous manner, what has been written and what is worth knowing on this important subject." At the end of the eleventh lecture, which is wholly devoted to chronology, he observes, "I cannot conclude without mentioning, for the benefit of those who wish to acquire a complete knowledge of this interesting subject, the titles of the books which ought to be consulted." After naming Vossius, Gilbert, Freret, Jackson, and others, he adds, "and above all, the Preliminary Dissertation published by Dr. Russell at the head of his 'Connection of Sacred and Profane History,' a book that I cannot sufficiently recommend, and from which I have derived the greatest assistance." To the preceding eulogium of the Marquis Spineto we may here be allowed to add our unqualified commendation of Dr. Russell's excellent work.

It is not perhaps generally known in this country that the Marquis Spineto is the depute-professor of mod-

ern history in the University of Cambridge, and that the lectures now published were delivered to the members of that learned establishment. The research and assiduity, of which this volume affords so many proofs, could not fail to recommend him to that important office; and it is fortunate for the public that the history of hieroglyphical discovery has been comprehended within the limits to which his duties as a lecturer are permitted to extend. We have derived much information from his book. It details

all that has been done; the order and mode in which the first advances were made; the conjectures which were circulated throughout all the learned bodies of Europe; the suggestions of Akerblad, the hints of Bankes, the essays of Young, and the more brilliant illustrations of Champollion. No one who wishes to know what has been accomplished, and the extent to which discovery may yet be carried, in unfolding the mystic annals of ancient Egypt, can dispense with the volume of Spineto.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A SUICIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FIRST AND LAST."

I KNEW a man, some years ago, who at one period of his life had attempted suicide, but failed in his intention of self-destruction. The mere verbal critic may quibble at my designation of him; but it morally expresses himself, and his act. Had immediate surgical aid been unattainable, or its application ineffectual, he could have suffered no more. He had gone through all of bodily pang, and of mental anguish, which consciousness could make horrible. What remained of life would have been slowly extinguished, with no more perception of its feeble and final struggle than there is of the convulsive tremblings of the trunk, when the head has been dissevered by the axe of the executioner.

I knew this man. It was full twenty years after the event of which I have spoken. He was then religious, with something of that gloom and austerity in his religion which gave it a tinge of fanaticism. This was, perhaps, the natural consequence of his situation. His mind was of a superior order: his sensibility acute and morbid. The former would not allow him to disguise from himself the enormity of his transgression; while the latter heightened this sense of enormity to a feeling of despair, when he reasoned upon the possibility of ade-

quate expiation. It was sometimes frightful to observe the agony with which he doubted of forgiveness hereafter. I enjoyed his confidence, and it was my office, at those times, to endeavor to convince him, that it was not permitted he should perish everlastingly, when he tempted such a doom, but rather that he should live and repent. I strove to calm his terrors by recalling the words of consolation, which had bound up the wounds of a heart stricken more deeply than even his own: "If thou return to the Almighty, thou shalt be built up; thou shalt put away iniquity far from thy tabernacle."

It was in one of the many conversations we had held together upon this subject, that I ventured (I hardly know under what vague impulse or desire) to touch upon the cause of his crime, and to glance at the fearful nature of that awful tempest of the passions, which must surely precede and accompany self-murder. I could perceive that I had flung open the portals of a scene from the harrowing visions of which his spirit recoiled with horror; his countenance underwent a distressing change; his lip quivered, his eye dilated, his brow was knit forcibly together, his breathing was thick and spasmodic, and his whole appearance like that of a man

who h
crime
which
save h
plored
ment
maini
my w
He
I had
and I
ver ap
a flam
It v
curren
evenin
had o
occasi
usual
denies
evenin
and a
escape
sunny
ceeds
I felt
again
expres
wande
We
—,
ly be
for p
On e
grace
with
dense
those
were
as pa
shelvi
to the
ern.
spots
of n
mead
that t
of gre
the l
lands
surrou
pects
exten
light
scene

who had been suddenly accused of a crime which he could not deny, but which he believed no human tongue, save his own, could declare. I deplored my rashness, and at that moment would have given half the remaining years I had to live, to recall my words.

He was silent; gradually the pang I had so wantonly inflicted subsided, and I resolved, in my own mind, never again to let my curiosity kindle at a flame so unhallowed.

It was several months after this occurrence, that he called upon me one evening, and proposed a walk. He had often done so before; but on this occasion I thought I perceived an unusual anxiety in his manner not to be denied. It was high summer, the evening calm, cool, and beautiful; and as I looked upon the rich landscape from my window, bathed in the sunny haze which so commonly succeeds to a sultry day in our climate, I felt that it would be "a blasphemy against nature" (to use a poetical expression of Milton's *prose*) not to wander among her works.

We set forth. The walks round —, where I then lived, cannot easily be surpassed, upon a small scale, for picturesque beauty and variety. On every side rose sloping hills of graceful form, their sides covered with thick woods, whose masses of dense foliage contrasted finely with those portions of the ascents which were either under cultivation, or left as pasturage for cattle, and which run shelving down, by a gentle declivity, to the rocky banks of the mazy Severn. In every direction, there were spots so lovelily laid out by the hand of nature, consisting of woodland, meadow, orchard, hill, and valley, that they required only the addition of greater space to confer upon them the highest character of diversified landscape. From one or two of the surrounding eminences, indeed, prospects were obtained of considerable extent, and the eye ranged with delight from the rich and luxuriant scenery immediately beneath the feet

of the spectator, to the far outspread level of waving corn fields, which was terminated by a bold outline of lofty hills.

As we sauntered along, beneath the shade of a noble avenue of stately trees, consisting of walnut, oak, elm, and ash, to our favorite seat under a large yew tree, which crowned with solitary and sombre grandeur one of the gracefully sloping hills I have mentioned, my companion seemed absorbed in his own thoughts, and our conversation, consequently, was desultory and irregular. I seldom disturbed his reflections when he was in those moods of silent abstraction; and this evening I was the less inclined to do so, because I was rioting in the luxury of my own meditations inspired by the glorious scene which encompassed me.

We arrived at our bench, and seated ourselves. The ascent had wearied us a little, and I was still gazing with an untired eye, and delighted spirit, upon the gorgeous landscape before me, over which the sun's setting rays had spread a mantle of dewy light, when he addressed me.

"Do you remember," said he, and there was a slightly tremulous faltering in his voice, "a strange wish you once expressed, to know the cause, and all the miserable circumstances—"

"I do!" I exclaimed, interrupting him; "and I was heartily ashamed then, as I have been ever since, of my depraved curiosity."

"I thought it strange," continued my friend in the same faltering tone of voice, "to wish to tear open a ghastly wound for the sake of seeing how hideous it looked; to stretch me on the rack that you might count my groans, and take a special note of the very order in which each nerve and sinew cracked; to gauge the depth of that anguish which hurried me to the abyss of perdition, and of that tenfold greater anguish, that unutterable agony, which followed the delirium of the moment when I sprung from its brink. But I have learned to know that every pang I suffer here is but a part of an

offended God's appointed penalty for guilt; and though, with the timid shrinking of the flesh, I would have shunned the infliction at the time, I trust I have bowed myself meekly and submissively to it since. Read this, my friend: not now; but when you are alone. You can never know what it has cost me to trace the picture; and I shall never seek to know with what feelings you have contemplated it."

He put into my hands a small roll of paper, and added with great earnestness, "I have borne my punishment. Such portion of my atonement as that is meant to satisfy is released. Let it not be again exacted!"

It was with a sense of deep humiliation I received the roll from him; for I could not enter into his impressions, which invested with the character of a propitiatory sacrifice what I considered only as a confession wrung from newly awakened remorse by the prurience of a diseased curiosity. He had read me a severe lesson, and turned my eyes inward upon my own motives with a stern but searching scrutiny.

The writer of what follows is now a partaker of the great mystery of life—its end! I saw him die. His death was perfect resignation to the decree of Heaven; but doubts and fears dismayed his spirit as the curtain fell upon this world, and he hung trembling over the impenetrable obscurity of the next.

I know not with what emotions others may peruse what he wrote. For myself, I may truly say, the remembrance of my own is, and must ever be, among the most painful recollections of my life. It ran thus:

"I can easily imagine that the vague contemplation of suicide as a last and certain refuge, when afflictions become intolerable, has presented itself to thousands, who have never seen the moment when the burden of their sorrows could *not* be borne. But woe to the miserable wretch who at last says to himself, Now I will lay

my burthen down, for I faint, and can go no further!

"I remember the first time I looked beyond the dark vista of my troubles, and saw, as it were, my grave opening its arms to me as a resting place. The world had frowned upon my hopes, and blighted them. I was in sore tribulation, hemmed round with perplexities, and sick even to death with long suffering. It was then that as I stood by the margin of a quiet lake, I looked upon its smooth calm surface, and thought how peaceful all beneath was! I cast a stone upon the waters—it sunk—and the eye could scarcely discern where it had sunk, so quickly all was smooth and undisturbed again. Oh, God! how I wished I were beside that stone! And how I pondered upon the one little step from where I stood—the plunge—the moment's strong buffeting with the wave—and then the quiet sinking to the bottom, lifeless and at rest! A dark, turbid, rolling river could not have whispered such a purpose to my heart. It would have been too much the image of what I was myself, to allure me to its troubled home. But this gentle, transparent lake, spread out in the solitude like an asylum for the wretched, seemed to woo me to its bosom. Religion had no share in holding me back. I resisted the strong temptation only by the influence of that stronger principle, the mysterious love of life, which makes us unwilling to die, even when the chain that binds us to life is reduced to the solitary link of our prerogative to breathe.

"I continued to breathe—but it was no more. I clung to a world which incessantly shook me off at each convulsive grasp. I was like the mariner who sees his bark drifting upon the rocks, by the force of a current which he cannot stem. The hours of his safety are numbered; and he knows he must perish. It is well for them, that lie upon beds of ivory, and stretch themselves on their couches, and eat the lambs out of the flock, and the calves out of the mid-

dest of the stall,' to tell the forlorn of their race that they may work, and eat, and live. To work, and eat, and live, are *not* the conditions of existence which will satisfy the desires of every heart. MAN has his place in society as the trees of the earth have theirs; and the towering cedar of the mountain will not flourish in the valley, where the lowly shrub and the rank weed thrive. I felt I had *my* place, which I had forfeited by no act of dishonor, and my exclusion from it, therefore, *was* dishonor.

"I am giving you the picture of what I *was*; unveiling the thoughts and feelings of a period of life when youthful hopes, and the aspirings of young ambition, quicken the ardent pulses of generous enterprise; when what we aim at is that which we teach ourselves to call our right; and when less than all we seek is too little to content our proud reckoning of the future. It is not what I *am*. I have now learned to look upon the world as upon a crowded theatre, where he who has not had his place secured must take the best he can find; or, as a much frequented thoroughfare, where all get along, because every one, in his turn, makes way for others.

"I had been worn down by self-created disappointments, when I made my last throw in the game of life. I lost it! Inquire not the stake for which I played. It matters not now. I lost it; and my resolution was taken; in no paroxysm of passion, in no frenzy of despair; but upon what I would *then* have called a calm philosophical estimate of the value of life in relation to its utility to myself and others. I placed before my mind every argument which it was at that moment capable of perceiving in favor of a further struggle, and every argument against it; but the former appeared to me as a grain of the vilest dust, in comparison with the riches of the east.

"My resolution was confirmed. But, oh! what a sickness of the heart came over me, in spite of my—
22 ATHENEUM, VOL. 3, 3d series.

self, the moment I felt *assured* there was no to-morrow for me. It chanced, that as I returned home that night, I met a friend, whose cordial greeting smote my spirit like a malignant mockery; his smile seemed the cold malice of a friend, taunting me in laughter with his own better fortune; and his careless 'good night,' when we parted, pronounced as men bid good night, who look to meet again, fell upon my ear like a voice from the tomb, proclaiming that I had done with time, for this was *my* last night! It was suited to the chaos of my mind,—for I fancied he ought to have known what was about to happen, and have spared me such derision.

"When I closed the door of my chamber and bolted it—when I took from my pocket two loaded pistols, and laid them gently on the table—and when I seated myself beside that table, calmly and quietly—yes!—calmly and quietly!—for though each artery in my frame beat wildly, and though my brain seemed as if it were clasped in iron, and my blood-shot eyes burned in their sockets—there was not one tremulous pulse at my heart,—when, I say, I thus sate, and gazed upon those little instruments of death which I had prepared—such visions grew upon my fancy as throng only about the dark confines of a future world. Do you ask their nature? The language of man was never framed to tell, what man himself can never know, till he has put off his mortal attributes; which he does, the moment he vanquishes the fear of death, and stands ready to welcome him. I speak not of that victory over death which plucks out his sting, by holy preparation for his coming, whensoever he may come; but of that harder victory over ourselves, which must precede a purpose such as mine was, deliberately meditated and deliberately fulfilled, wherein the intention is equivalent to the act, in all the mysterious operations upon the soul.

"Lord God! what an utter oblivion of the past and of the present

there was, as I placed the muzzle of one of the pistols in my mouth, clenching it involuntarily with my teeth, as if to steady its aim! My finger was on the trigger—and in my left hand I grasped the other. I cannot tell how long I paused: it might be a minute; it might be an hour; for time was already annihilated in my mind. I only know, that even in such a moment, there came over me the dread of hideous mutilation, the possible shattering of my head and face, without death, without the physical energy afterwards to complete my destruction, and the image of a life saved, with a form loathsome to myself and horrible to others. I can well remember, too, when this thought possessed me, with what an agony of caution I withdrew the weapon, lest mere accident should realize the thing I feared; but that danger past, I had no other fear. My nerves were strung for the shock itself; I had strained, as it were, my sinews, to bear the sudden blow: and it called for no renewed effort to change the manner of receiving it.

"It is not to inspire you with any false notions of my heroism, or of the stoical apathy of my character, that I mention the fact of my selecting from a case, containing several razors, the one which I considered best adapted for my purpose. I *did* do so; and I did so without perturbation. What followed, was one grim vision of blood and horror! All I *distinctly* recollect is, the pain of the first incision, and the desperate gash with which I frantically followed it up, from

a desire to abridge my sufferings, and from a consciousness that I must go on. To me, too, it seemed as if the blade of the razor had buried itself in my neck; and that I had not power to draw it out. Of my *indistinct* recollections, the most vivid are, my falling from my chair—as I fell, flashes of fire darting from my eyes—a sense of weight on the top of my head, as if my skull were crushing in upon my brain with ponderous bulk—the warm pool of my own blood, in which I lay—and a noise that sounded in my ears like the booming of far off heavy guns. There was a faint glimmering of consciousness pervading my mind of what I had done, not unmixed with shuddering anticipations of what was so soon to follow.

"The rest was a blank! The grave itself could not have been more so. But it is no idle form of words to say, that language has no expression, no combination of phrases, which could even faintly shadow forth the marvellous images of two states of being, of death perfectly remembered—of returning life dimly comprehended—which reared themselves before my imagination as reviving consciousness slowly unfolded itself. The doubts of what I was—of where I was—and the mingling, but undefined, terrors of remorse and guilt, as I obscurely recalled the past, and yielded to the suggestions of the present—awakened emotions of such deep and thrilling awe within me, that the memory of them, even at this distant period, comes over my spirit like a fearful vision of another world!"

AN EVENING IN FURNESS ABBEY.*

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

"O FATHER, Mother!"—"Fear not, mine own Flower!

But they will both be happy, when they see Thee happy as the Morn. Thou must not weep

Any more tears for them; and yet I love That paleness on thy cheek, for Nature's ties

Are holy; but the holiest of them all

Is that, which spite of Fortune and of Fate,
And evil stars, in life and death unites
Two souls whom this bad world and its
bad laws

In vain would seek to sever! From that world

Far, far apart, and all its heartlessness,
We two shall live—Oh! let me see thine eyes

* Concluded from page 139.

Again, and kiss away these idle tears—
And not a whisper ever shall be heard
From any human voice that is not charged
With prayers and blessings upon thee and
thine!

Yes! thou, even in their prayers, shalt still
be call'd

The Flower of Furness, when the poor do
kneel

To Him who pities and forgives us all,
And our transgressions, calling on the
Saints,

And Her whom we adore, to hold thee ever
Under their own protection, as thou walk'st
Among the woods, dispensing charity.

To widows and to orphans; every boon
Felt in their sickness, penury, or age,
To be still more angelical and divine,
Because of the sweet sound and the sweet
light

Breathed with it from thy bosom and thine
eyes

Day after day more and more beautiful,
If that indeed may be, from being vow'd
To Love and Pity all life-long, and knowing
No happiness but that of doing good!

Yet, never, never ceasing, till we die,
To hold within the sanctuary of thy heart
Thine own Le Fleming, though unworthy
he,

But for the life-deep passion that attends
Thy coming and thy going, on thy breast
To lay his head in heaven! God bless
that smile!—

Aye! ours will be the sunniest life, my
dove,

That ever glanced or glided o'er the earth!
Sometimes upon thy palfrey, silver-rein'd,
Thy true knight by thy side, through alleys
green

Of glimmering forest, Queenlike thou shalt
go,

As in adventurous days of old Romance;
But peril near thee shall be none, no fiend
Or giant starting up among the woods
All still and beautiful as Faëry Londe.

Or habited like huntress, even with bow
In thy fair hand, and o'er thy shoulders fair
A quiver, thou shalt like Diana's self
Pursue the spotted deer. Yet drop of blood
In these our innocent pastimes ne'er shall
stain

Arrow of thine; for thou from infancy
Hast loved the timid race; most sweet to
thee

To stand and look upon the hind at play
In shady places with her fawns, and soon
They all will learn to look upon thy face
With fearless love, nor shun thy noiseless
feet

Along the moss-sward, underneath the
boughs

So mossy of the overarching oaks.

Oh! I will lead thee thro' a hundred vales
Solemn or sweet to visit, our two selves
The only human creatures in the gloom
Flung down like night upon us from the
cliffs

Of huge Helvellyn, where the eagles cry;

Or in the hush, as gentle as thy sleep,
Of lovely Grassmere, where the Church-
Tower stands

Above the ashes of my ancestors,
A place always as peaceful as a dream!
Or floating in our pinnace through the isles
Of wooded Windermere, the River-Lake
Hung for a while between two worlds of
stars!

Nor need'st thou fear, my Innocent, with me
To visit, through the moonshine steering
slow,

On Lady-Isle that Holy Oratory;
And on my bosom leaning, there to pray
That if indeed there any error be,
Frailty, or guilt, or sin, in love like ours,
Even for the dear sake of such contrite tears
As now flow from thine eyes, and still must
flow,—

For fondest kisses cannot reach their source
Profound—there both of us will plead and
pray,

My spirit then as humble as thine own,
That it may be forgiven! But if from Thee
I now must walk away in my despair,
And never, never see thee any more
In all this loveless life, this weary world;
If all my supplications now must fall
Into that bosom, idle as the shower
Of transitory tears which soon will melt
Away in its fair sweetness, how shall I
Bear up against the utter wretchedness
Of such a desolation! Keep my head
From going down to a dishonor'd grave!"

He ceased; nor in that passion did he
know,

Although he dimly fear'd, his wickedness.
For his was not a heart of stone; but fill'd
To overflowing with heroic thoughts,
With tender feelings, and with fancies wild;
A Being he, if ever such there were,
By Nature made to love, and be beloved,
Even as a vernal day. But Pride, the sin
Of seraphs, and of mortal men who stand
Upon the sunny summits of this life,
The native greatness of his character
Had lower'd unawares, and to the core
Corrupted, but not wither'd; for they grew
Strong at the heart, and in luxuriance still,
The passions that were given him to uplift
His soul, and gain for him a name in peace,
Fair, as in war it was most glorious.

And now he would beguile to sin and
shame,

And wo and death, and doom beyond the
grave—

For in the sacred judgments of our souls
Such seems the lot of ruin'd innocence—
That Virgin, whom his love had found as
pure

As dew-drop in a dream, as glad as light
Upon the hills of God!

With clasped hands,
And eyes beseechful, yet upbraiding not,
Imploringly the silent Statue pray'd
That he would yet have pity on her youth,
Even for her parents' sakes! Then like a
dove,

That, stricken by some sudden bird of prey,

Falls moaning near its nest, down at his feet
 She dropt, with one long sigh that seem'd
 to say,
 "My heart is broken!" To the Fairies'
 Well

He bore the corpse; for in his agony
 That word, most hideous of all hideous
 words,

Was heard within the dream of his remorse,
 While a more ghastly whiteness overspread
 The face of her whom he had murder'd!
 Lo!

Through the dim opening of her eyes ap-
 pears
 Something that may be life! The eyelids
 move

A little, and that glimpse of heavenly blue,
 Faint though it be and clouded, may not
 dwell

In orbs that have eclipsed been by death.
 See! how the breathing mystery we call
 Soul

Comes back! Where was it even now,
 when throbb'd

No pulse—no sense took notice—and the
 heart

Beat not nor flutter'd, nor one single
 thought

Remain'd within the many-chamber'd
 brain?

Gazing bewilder'd on some other world,
 She all at once starts up unto her knees,
 And fixes wildly on Le Fleming's face
 Eyes full of manifest insanity,
 As if she were a fiend unto a fiend
 Gibbering in wrathful speech. Oh! not a
 word

Has meaning, or, if any meaning range
 Among the alter'd syllablings of names
 Familiar once and sacred, it is such
 As well might break the hardest heart to
 hear,

Sinful, and like a poisonous breath distill'd
 Even from the dews of those most inno-
 cent lips,

Even from the sweet stream of those inno-
 cent veins,

Even from the pure drops of that innocent
 heart,

Whose worst confessions, before God and
 man,

A little while ago were scarcely worth
 The shedding of a tear!

But Mercy's hand
 Hath readjusted now the wondrous springs
 On which the reasonable spirit moves,
 And hath at once her being and her powers,
 All knowledge of herself and of this world,
 Of Heaven and of the God who reigns in
 Heaven;

Else, in their dread disorder, to the beasts
 That range the fields inferior in all sense
 And feeling, the most sad and terrible
 Of all the sad and terrible things in Nature;
 And once again the Flower of Furness
 shines

In all her beauty brought back from afar,
 In innocence returning from the gates
 Of Hades. "Yes! I swear by all the stars

Reeling so strangely through the skies—
 by all

The uncouth glimmering of that moon—
 by Him

Who died for sinners—and a sinner I
 Beyond all other sinners—and I swear
 By Father and by Mother, whom my sin
 Will soon send to their graves, to follow
 Thee

Where'er thou beckonest, and in love to lie
 Upon thy breast, though in some dungeon-
 cell

Our couch may be, among all crawling
 things

That flesh and blood doth shudder at, and
 life

Recoils from into madness—I am thine!
 Body and soul—am thine! and for thy sake
 I sacrifice them both to endless death!"

Remorse! What art thou but a pang of
 guilt,

By the destruction of some bliss enjoy'd
 Alarm'd and troubled, or by vanishing

Of some bliss madly long'd for? Virtue
 hangs

Upon a stay more frail than gossamere
 That hangs on Thee! Back from the gates
 of death

By thee no sinner ever yet was turn'd;
 For thou art as unlike to sweet Contrition
 As the swart Ethiop on the Affric desert
 To Una wandering along Faery Land!
 As bounds upon the battle-field the soul
 Of warrior to the cry of victory
 Round his Van-banner, bounded then the
 soul

Of the Le Fleming! Cruel in his bliss,
 And most relentless—nor to pity moved
 By that confession, in their darkness felt
 By very fiends to be most pitiful;

But even while her parents' ghosts stood by,
 So said the lost child who beheld them
 plain,

His old grey head and her distracted eyes,
 He tied her to her oath, as to a stake
 Within the roarings of the coming sea;
 And to her fate resign'd, she touch'd his
 lips

With one kiss cold as tombstone when the
 night

Descends in frost upon a cemetery.
 Not till the parting that did then befall,
 Could that lost creature ever know that
 Love

Was but one name for all life's miseries.
 For she had fix'd another Trysting-Hour
 From which she never more was to return
 Unto her sinless bed, but disappear
 Away with him from her old parents' eyes,
 And before God Almighty break their
 hearts.

The moon had sunk; and over all the stars
 Black clouds came sailing from the sea;
 and sighs

And groans most human-like went up and
 down

The creaking woods, with dreariest inter-
 vals

Of utter silence. At the door she stood,
And fear'd to lift the latch; then blind and deaf

She totter'd o'er the threshold, and beheld
Her miserable father on his knees,
Before what, by the twinkling of the hearth,
Was seen to be a corpse—her mother's corpse,

Sitting with unclosed eyelids on a chair,
And staring glazedly throughout the gloom,
Straight on her daughter's face! "My wickedness

Has kill'd my mother!" And no other words

Did issue from her lips till morning light;
But in a most unbreathing trance she lay,
Her father sometimes fearing she was dead.
As if awaking from her usual sleep,
She at her usual hour arose, and knelt
By her bedside to say her usual prayers,
When, all on a sudden starting up, she paced

Like one who hath deranged been for years,
In strange directions up and down the room,
Eying particular pieces of the walls,
As if that she were reading on a book,
And by the knowledge of some dismal thing
Distracted and amazed. Then all at once
Laying her finger on her lips, "Hush! hush!"

She said, "hush! hush! my mother sleeps!
Those cruel sunbeams must not be allow'd
To strike her face!" Then with wild shrieks she flew

Into her father's arms, and tore herself
Next moment from them with distorted features,
Shouting and yelling, "Fiend—fiend—fiend!"

The sea,
Whose foam has been through all the thunderous night

With floating shipwreck strewn, begins at morn

To heave in terrible beauty, and subsiding
Hour after hour through all the fitful day
Into a rolling gloom, by sunset, lo!
The world of waters is as still as sleep!

So rag'd—so heaved—so roll'd—and so to calm

Profound and perfect, that poor maniac's soul

Return'd. And once again among the woods
The Flower of Furness in her beauty walk'd;

But pale and silent as a ghost, and none
In awe and pity dared to speak to her,
Or to the uncathart stillness of her grief.
In his bereavement her old father went,
As he had gone for more than forty years,
To work for their poor livelihood, far off
On the High-Furness fells. The day goes by,

On which our soul's beloved dies! The day,
On which the body of the dead is stretch'd
By hands that deck'd it when alive; the day

On which the dead is shrouded; and the day
Of burial—one and all pass by! The grave

Grows green ere long; the churchyard seems a place

Of pleasant rest; and all the cottages,
That keep forever sending funerals
Within its gates, look cheerful every one,
As if the dwellers therein never died,
And this earth slumber'd in perpetual peace.
For every sort of suffering there is sleep
Provided by a gracious Providence,
Save that of sin. We must at first endure
The simple woe of knowing they are dead,
A soul-sick woe in which no comfort is,
And wish we were beside them in the dust!
That anguish dire cannot sustain itself;
But settles down into a grief that loves
And finds relief in unreprieved tears.

Then cometh Sorrow like a Sabbath! Heaven

Sends resignation down, and faith; and last
Of all, there falls a kind oblivion
Over the going out of that sweet light
In which we had our being; and the wretch,

Widow'd and childless, laughs in his old age,

Laughs and is merry even among the tombs
Of all his kindred! Say not that the dead
Are forgotten in their graves! For all
Beneath the sun and moon is transitory;
And sacred sorrow like a shadow flies,
As unsubstantial as the happiness
Whose loss we vainly wept!

And will She keep
That Trysting-Hour? And all for love of him

Who reigneth o'er her soul, as doth the sun,
Though hidden, o'er some melancholy sky,
Forsake her widow'd father's house—the grave

Of her who died within the very hour
Her daughter pledged her oath to shame and sin?

That Trysting-Hour is come. The Wizard's Oak

With its dark umbrage hides them from the moon

And stars, but yet a little glimmering light
Is in the glade, and He beholds a face,
White as the face of one who hath been dress'd

That morning for interment, beautiful,
With fixed features that shall never more
Be touch'd by one faint smile! "My mother's dead.

And I have been, and fear that I am now,
Not in my proper mind. But I am come,
Though weak in body as I am in soul
Most truly wicked,—I am come to keep
My oath, and go with thee to love and death!"

It was an hour for Passion's self to die
In Pity; and the moonshine sadly fell
On his caresses tender now and pure
As those in which a father holds his child,
When call'd on to set sail to-morrow's morn,
From his sole orphan, to some far-off sea.
A sacred hush subdued his blood, which flow'd

As cold as hers who wept herself away
Within the embrace she had no cause to
fear,

Or turn from in her innocence. Her love
Was felt to be religion towards one
Who, while the beatings of his heart met
hers,

Knew how to venerate the sanctity
Of nature overwhelm'd by vast distress.
By pity touch'd, and shaken by remorse,
He promised to allow her virgin life,
At her beseechings, till another Spring
To breathe amid her native woods; till then
To come no more upon her solitude.

"And haply thus," she said, "he might
forget

Her sinful sorrow and her sinful love—
Her sinful self—and better it would be
For both their sakes, if ere next May-day
came,

He were to hear that she was dead and
buried!"

Into a foreign land he went away.

The winter came, and all the winter's snow
Again did melt and melt from the green
earth;

And the warm winds of April woke once
more

The sweet perennial flowers on bank and
brae,

Primrose and violet, with embroidery rare
Decking the ground-moss in each forest
glade,

Around the woodlark's nest. Once more
the Spring

Upon the Flower of Furness look'd from
heaven;

And well might now the very Elements
Sigh for her sake and weep. For she hath
held,

All through the gloomy days and raving
nights

Of winter, converse with a dreadful Shape,
Shadowy indeed, and unsubstantial,
Yet obvious on her path whene'er she went
Alone into the woods—with lips, hands,
eyes,

All silent, and its glidings silent too,
But in its sadness always terrible,
Although it wore her mother's countenance,
With such dim alterations as the grave
Breathes o'er the ghost of one in life be-
lov'd!

If to the Fairies' Well she dared to go,
"T was there! From out the holy Abbey's
gloom

It issued! Underneath the Wizard's Oak
It had its seat; and from the solemn sea,
If ever near the moonlight waves she
walk'd,

Arose the Apparition! That the grave,
Or land beyond the grave, sends back the
dead,

From sin to warn in mercy, or to sin
To drive in wrath our miserable souls,
By passion and imagination stirr'd
From their mysterious depths, hath ever
been

The creed of guilty creatures, terrified
By their communion with the spiritual
world.

And yet Religion saith we stand in need
Of no such spectral visitations. Guilt
The sole creator of all ghosts that haunt
Her gloom! One dread Idea duly comes,
As on the dial's face the certain shade,
Upon our Conscience; and our moral being,
Immortal prey of its immortal fears,
Doth shudder at some immaterial Thing
In which its apprehensions are embodied
Of divine wrath and retribution;
A messenger sent to us, so we think,
From shades that lie beyond the shades of
death,

But rising from the night of our own souls
And lost therein, again to reappear
When Faith's star sets, and heaven itself
is black

As hell extending through Eternity!

"Have pity on your daughter! On the
child

Whom you so tenderly on earth did love!
Have pity on me for our Saviour's sake!"
But still the frowning Phantom turn'd
away;

Nor had the name of the dear Son of God
Power o'er that icy ear, that icy eye,
Unchangeable as the Almighty's doom!

May-day had come and gone, and May-
day night

From heaven o'er many a merry festival
Had hung her earliest star. The Trysting-
Hour

Fell like a hush upon the woods; and lo!
True as the sea-tide from some far-off shore,
The Knight of Rydal, underneath the shade
Of the Old Wizard's Oak. Nor panted long
His heart for her sweet footsteps; like a leaf
Instant she came, as lightly, noiselessly,
And murmuring in his ear, "Within an
hour

Come to my father's hut;" ere he could kiss
Her brow or breast, the shade had disap-
pear'd!

The Knight stood there, till many a bril-
liant eye

Look'd through the blue serene; the
Trysting-Star

Was close beside the moon; and soon he
stoop'd

His eagle-plumes below the humble door
Within whose shade the Flower of Furness
slept.

All full of moonlight was the little room;
And there, upon her lowly couch did lie,
Cloth'd in white raiment, free from spot or
stain

As her own virgin limbs, her virgin soul,
The daughter of the widow'd Forester,
Whom in his passion he had sought to lure
To sin and shame, even while he talk'd of
heaven.

"These are my bridal robes!" and he beheld
That she was in her shroud. "Nay, do
not fear

To kiss my lips, though they be white and cold,
 And whiter still, and colder soon will be !"
 Sweet sounds he heard, but in his agony
 He knew not now the meaning of the words ;
 But well he knew the meaning of the sight
 That swam before his eyes, for death was there,
 As surely as that death is in the grave.
 "Our love was sinful—and my Mother's Ghost
 Was sent by God to save us from our sin.
 Long, long she bore a dreadful countenance,
 For though my spirit shudder'd in remorse,
 It had not known repentance. But last night,
 When I was praying, blest contrition came,
 And at that moment, softer, sweeter far
 Than ever voice of earthly thing could be,
 A whisper said, ' My daughter ! thy great sin
 Hath been forgiven thee ! ' I raised up my eyes,
 And close beside my bed, within the reach
 Of my embrace, my Sainted Mother stood,
 One of God's Angels, and let fall a kiss
 Upon my mortal brow, that breathed of heaven.
 And now my days are number'd on the earth.
 Before that moon shall set, below the Throne
 Must stand the soul of her who speaks to thee ;
 And I may now in death a holier blessing
 Leave with thee, if thy heart indeed be changed,
 Than ever yet did sinful woman's love
 Give to her husband on their bridal day.
 I knew, before I saw that gracious Ghost,
 I had not long to live ; and in the woods,
 Oh ! even beside the Fairies' Well ! I framed
 This shroud, and gather'd for myself these flowers—
 Take one, and keep it for my sake—the rest
 Go with me to the grave. Oh ! never, never,
 Through all the longest life of happiness
 That heaven may have in store for thee,
 forget

Me, the poor penitent ! and swear to me,
 Swear on this cross, that never more thine eyes
 Will fall with sinful thoughts on any wretch
 Like me—for I, thou saidst, was fair—now look
 Upon my breast—aye, thou mayst kiss it now,
 Unblamed ! And I unblamed may take the kiss
 To heaven ! See—see—they come—they come !
 My mother's Spirit, and my little sister's
 Who left us when a child, and her's who died
 A few days after that her Lover's ship
 Was wreck'd on Holy Isle, my earliest friend,
 Out of our own small family—Holy ones !
 Oh ! bear me with you on your wings away !
 Farewell, my father—weep not for thy child !
 And thou ! for whom I die—Farewell—Farewell !"

He look'd, and she was dead !—The Civil Wars
 Ere long did drench all England in her best
 And richest blood ; and fighting valiantly
 For the Red Rose of Lancaster he fell,
 Foremost among his conquering Chivalry,
 And then his great heart gloriously got rid
 Of all its mortal sorrows. He had told
 Unto his sister, the fair Lady Blanche,
 The story of his love and his despair ;
 A gentle lady, in her pride of place
 Most poor in spirit, and who look'd on life,
 Humble or high, as Christians used to look
 In apostolic days. His obsequies
 Were celebrated—such his own desire—
 In Furness Abbey, and his body laid
 Within its holy cloisters. With a fine
 And pious feeling, she herself design'd,
 In her own brain and her own heart, his Tomb !
 And oft, 't is said, she came and sate for hours
 Beside the sculptor, while he chisell'd out
 Into the deep repose of shadow'd death
 These Images ! till she through tears beheld
 Her Hero-Brother in his panoply,
 A most majestic Figure ! and as meek
 The Flower of Furness lying at his feet !

THE COBBLER OVER THE WAY.

BY MISS MITFORD.

ONE of the noisiest inhabitants of the small irregular town of Cranley, in which I had the honor to be born, was a certain cobbler, by name Jacob Giles. He lived exactly over-right our house, in a little appendage to the baker's shop,—an excrescence

from that goodly tenement, which, when the door was closed (for the little square window at its side was all but invisible), might, from its shape and its dimensions, be mistaken for an oven or a pigstye, *ad libitum*. By day, when the half-hatch was open,

and the cobbler discovered at work within, his dwelling seemed constructed purposely to hold his figure; as nicely adapted to its size and motions, as the little toy called a weather-house is to the height and functions of the puppets who inhabit it; only that Jacob Giles's stall was less accommodating than the weather-house, inasmuch as by no chance could his apartment have been made to contain two inmates in any position whatsoever.

At that half-hatch might Jacob Giles be seen stitching and stitching, with the peculiar regular two-handed jerk proper to the art of cobbling, from six in the morning to six at night, — deducting always certain mornings and afternoons and whole days given, whenever his purse or his credit would permit, to the ensnaring seductions of the tap-room at the King's Head. At all other seasons at the half-hatch he might be seen, looking so exactly like a Dutch picture, that I, simple child that I was, took a fine Teniers in my father's possession for a likeness of him. There he sate—with a dirty red night-cap over his grizzled hair, a dingy waistcoat, an old blue coat, darned, patched and ragged, a greasy leather apron, a pair of crimson plush inexpressibles, worsted stockings of all the colors known in hosiery, and shoes that illustrated the old saying of the shoemaker's wife, by wanting mending more than any shoes in the parish.

The face belonging to this costume was rough and weather-beaten, deeply lined and deeply tinted, of a right copper-color, with a nose that would have done honor to Bardolph, and a certain indescribable half-tipsy look, even when sober. Nevertheless, the face, ugly and tipsy as it was, had its merits. There was a humor in the wink and in the nod, and in the knowing roll with which he transferred the quid of tobacco, his constant recreation and solace, from one cheek to the other; there was good humor in the half-shut eye, the pursed up

mouth, and the whole jolly visage; and in the countless variety of strange songs and ballads which, from morning to night, he poured forth from that half-hatch, there was a happy mixture of both. There he sate, in that small den, looking something like a thrush in a goldfinch's cage, and singing with as much power, and far wider range, —albeit his notes were hardly so melodious :—Jobson's songs in the "Devil to Pay," and

"A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall,
Which served him for parlor, for kitchen, and hall,"

being his favorites.

The half-hatch was, however, incomparably the best place in which to see him, for his face, with all its grotesqueness, was infinitely pleasanter to look at than his figure, one of his legs being shorter than the other, which obliged him to use a crutch, and the use of the crutch having occasioned a protuberance of the shoulder, which very nearly invested him with the dignity of a hump. Little cared he for his lameness! He swung along merrily and rapidly, especially when his steps tended to the alehouse, where he was a man of prime importance, not merely in right of his good songs and his good-fellowship, but in graver moments, as a scholar and a politician, being the best reader of a newspaper, and the most sagacious commentator on a debate, of any man who frequented the tap, the parish clerk himself not excepted.

Jacob Giles had, as he said, some right to talk about the welfare of old England, having, at one time of his life, been a householder, shopkeeper, and elector (N. B. his visits to the ale-house may account for his descent from the shop to the stall) in the neighboring borough of D., a place noted for the frequency and virulence of its contested elections. There was no event of his life on which our cobbler piqued himself so much as on having, as he affirmed, assisted in "saving his country," by forming one of the glorious majority of seven,

Repetition

by forming one of the glorious majority of seven, by which a Mr. Brown, of those days, a silent, stupid, respectable country gentleman, a dead vote on one side of the house, ousted a certain Mr. Smith, also a country gentleman, equally silent, stupid, and respectable, and a dead vote on the other side. Which parties in the state these two worthy senators espoused, it was somewhat difficult to gather from the zealous champion of the victorious hero. Local politics have commonly very little to do with any general question: the blues or the yellows, the greens or the reds—colors, not principles, predominate at an election,—which, in this respect, as well as in the ardor of the contest, and the quantity of money risked on the event, bears no small resemblance to a horse-race.

Whatever might have been the party of his favorite candidate, Jacob himself was a Tory of the very first water. His residence at Cranley was during the latter days of the French Revolution, when Loyalty and Republicanism, Pittite and Foxite, divided the land. Jacob Giles was a Tory, a Pittite, a Church-and-King, and Life-and-Fortune man—the loudest of the loyal; held Bonaparte for an incarnation of the evil spirit, and established an Anti-Gallican club at the King's Head, where he got tipsy every Saturday-night for the good of the nation. Nothing could exceed the warmth of Jacob's loyalty. He even wanted to join the Cranley volunteers, quoting to the drill sergeant, who quietly pointed to the crutch and the shoulder, the notable examples of Captain Green who halted, and Lieutenant Jones who was awry, as precedents for his own eligibility. The hump and the limp united were, however, too much to be endured. The man of scarlet declared there was no such piece of deformity in the whole awkward squad, and Jacob was declared inadmissible;—a personal slight (to say nothing of his being debarred the privilege of shedding his blood in defence of the king and con-

stitution) which our cobbler found so hard to bear, that with the least encouragement in the world from the opposition of Cranley, he would have rattled. One word of sympathy would have carried Mr. Giles, and his songs and his tipsyness, to the "Russell-and-Sidney Club" (Jacobins, Jacob used to call them) at the Grey-hound; but the Jacobins laughed, and lost their proselyte; the Anti-Gallicans retained Jacob,—and Jacob retained his consistency.

How my friend the cobbler came to be theoretically so violent an Anti-jacobin is best known to himself. For certain he was in practice far more of what would in these days be called a radical; was constantly infringing the laws which he esteemed so perfect, and bringing into contempt the authorities for which he professed such enthusiastic veneration. Drunk or sober, in his own quarrels, or in the quarrels of others, he waged a perpetual war with justice; hath been seen to snap his fingers at an order of sessions, the said order having for object the removal of a certain barrel-organ man, "his ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;" and got into a *demelé* with the church in the person of the old sexton, whom he nearly knocked down with the wind of his crutch (N. B. Jacob took care not to touch the old man) for driving away his clients, the boys who were playing at marbles on the tomb-stones. Besides these skirmishes, he was in a state of constant hostility with the officials called constables; and had not his reputation, good or bad, stood him in stead, his Saturday-nights' exploits would have brought him acquainted with half the roundhouses, bridewells, stocks, and whipping-posts in the country. His demerits brought him off. "It's only that merry rogue, Jacob!" said the lenient: "only that sad dog the cobbler!" cried the severe: and between these contrary epithets, which in Master Giles's case, bore so exactly the same meaning, the poor cobbler escaped.

In good truth, it would have been a

pity if Jacob's hebdomadal deviations from the straight path had brought him into any serious scrape, for, tipsy or sober, a better-natured creature never lived. Poor as he was, he had always something for those poorer than himself; would share his scanty dinner with a starving beggar, and his last quid of tobacco with a crippled sailor. The children came to him for nuts and apples, for comical stories and droll songs; the very curs of the street knew that they had a friend in the poor cobbler. He even gave away his labor and his time. Many a shoe hath he heeled with a certainty that the wretched pauper could not pay him; and many a job, extra-official, hath he turned his hand to, with no expectation of fee or reward. The "Cobbler over the way" was the constant resource of everybody in want of a help, and whatever the station or circumstances of the person needing him, his services might be depended on to the best of his power.

For my own part, I can recollect Jacob Giles as long as I can recollect anything. He made the shoes for my first doll—(pink I remember they were)—a doll called Sophy, who had the misfortune to break her neck by a fall from the nursery window; Jacob Giles made her pink slippers, and mended all the shoes of the family, with whom he was a universal favorite. My father delighted in his statesmanship, which must have been very entertaining; my mother in his benevolence; and I in his fun. He used to mimic Punch for my amusement; and I once greatly affronted the real Punch, by preferring the cobbler's performance of the closing scenes. Jacob was a general favorite in our family; and one member of it was no small favorite of Jacob's: that person was neither more nor less than my nursery-maid, Nancy Dawson.

Nancy Dawson was the daughter of a farmer in the neighborhood, a lively, clever girl, more like a French *soubrette* than an English maid-servant, *gentille* and *espiègle*; not a regular

beauty,—hardly perhaps pretty; but with bright laughing eyes, a ready smile, a pleasant speech, and altogether as dangerous a person for an opposite neighbor as an old bachelor could desire. Jacob became seriously enamored; wasted half his mornings in watching our windows, for my nursery looked out upon the street; and limped after us every afternoon when she took me (a small damsel of three years old, or thereabout) out walking. He even left off his tobacco, his worsted night-cap, his tipsyness, and his Saturday-night's club; got a whole coat to his back, set a patch on his shoe, and talked of taking a shop and settling in life. This, however, was nothing wonderful. Nancy's charms might have fired a colder heart than beat in the bosom of Jacob Giles. But that Nancy should "abase her eyes" on him: there was the marvel. Nancy! who had refused Peter Green the grocer, and John Keep the butcher, and Sir Henry's smart game-keeper, and our own tall footman! Nancy to think of a tipling cripple like the cobbler over the way,—that was something to wonder at!

Nancy, when challenged on the subject, neither denied nor assented to the accusation. She answered very demurely that her young lady liked Mr. Giles, that he made the child laugh, and was handy with her, and was a careful person to leave her with if she had to go on an errand for her mistress or the housekeeper. So Jacob continued our walking footman.

Our walks were all in one direction. About a mile south of Cranley was a large and beautiful coppice, at one corner of which stood the cottage of the woodman, a fine young man, William Wheeler by name, whose sister Mary was employed by my mother as a sempstress. The wood, the cottage, and the cottage garden, were separated by a thick hedge and wide ditch from a wild broken common covered with sheep—a common full of turfy knolls and thymy banks, where the heath flower and the hare-bell blew profusely, and where the

sun poured forth a flood of glory on the golden-blossomed broom. To one corner of this common,—a sunny nook, covered with little turfy hillocks, originally, I suppose, formed by the moles, but which I used to call Cock-Robins' graves,—Nancy generally led; and there she would frequently, almost constantly, leave me under Jacob's protection while she jumped over a stile inaccessible to my little feet, sometimes to take a message to Mary Wheeler, sometimes to get me flowers from the wood, sometimes for blackberries, sometimes for nuts,—but always on some ostensible and well-sounding errand.

Nancy's absences, however, became longer and longer; and one evening Jacob and I grew mutually fidgety. He had told his drollest stories, made his most comical faces, and played Punch twice over to divert me; but I was tired and cross; it was getting late in the autumn; the weather was cold; the sun had gone down; and I began to cry amain for home and for papa. Jacob, much distressed by my plight, partly to satisfy me, and partly to allay his own irritability, deposited me in the warmest nook he could find, and scrambled over the stile in search of Nancy. Voices in the wood—her voice and William's—guided him to the spot where she and the young forester sate side by side at the foot of an oak tree; and, unseen by the happy couple, the

poor cobbler overheard the following dialogue.

"On Saturday then, Nancy, I may give in the banns. You are sure that your mistress will let your sister take your place till she is suited?"

"Quite sure," rejoined Nancy; "she is so kind."

"And on Monday fortnight the wedding is to be. Remember, not an hour later than eight o'clock on Monday fortnight. Consider how long I have waited—almost half a year."

"Well!" said Nancy, "at eight o'clock on Monday fortnight."

"And the cobbler!" cried William; "that excellent under-nurse, who is waiting so contentedly on our little lady at the other side of the hedge!"

"Ah, the poor cobbler!" interrupted Nancy.

"We'll ask him to the wedding-dinner," added William.

"Yes; the poor cobbler!" continued the saucy maiden; "my old lover, the 'Cobbler over the way,' we'll certainly ask him to the wedding-dinner. It will comfort him."

And to the wedding-dinner the cobbler went; and he was comforted: he kissed the pretty bride; he shook hands with the handsome bridegroom, resumed his red cap and his tobacco, got tipsy to his heart's content, and reeled home singing "God save the king," right happy to find himself still a bachelor.

A DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

MOURN, mourn, winter is near!

Autumn is gone and fled,

The winds sweep by with a sullen roar,
And the dark waves foam on the chafed shore,

Yellow and brown and red;

The forest multitudes flock to their cold damp bed;

Mourn, Hours, for the Year!

Doth not the mighty Sea

Moan, Wind, as thou sweepst over it?

Betwixt you there may no friendship be,

Ever it curleth in scorn of thee

When the shade of thy mighty wings doth cover it.

Then storm cometh and tempest drear:

Mourn, Hours, for the Year!

Thus Time spreadeth his wing,

And the World leaps up with a scornful pride;

Shame on your strife,

World and Time!

From the same hour ye drew your life;

Together ye have won your prime;

And ye will pass away

When the Judge shall his final pomp display,

Both in one day!

Mourn, mourn, winter is near,

Mourn, Hours, for the Year!

The spring will smile on the bier

Where the hours have lain to rest

The pale dead year!

And the earth will put on another dress,

Rejoicing in her own loveliness,
And the sun will call from their narrow bed
The germs which the winter hath prisoned,
And the streams that with weeds now bridled be,

With currents clear
Will flow: earth and air, and the mighty
sea,

Will rejoice in their strength, calm and free!
Mourn, Hours, for the Year!

And we shall linger here:
Mid the youth of things, with hearts grown
old:

Through the genial spring, icy and cold!

Alas, why may not we,
With the months, that dying be,
Pass to our eternal rest?

Free from pride, and hate, and fear,
We were blest!

Woe for the dying Year!

DODDRIDGE'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

DODDRIDGE was one of those marked and foremost men that alone deserve to be remembered among posterity, and of whom details, apparently the most inconsiderable, are strictly matters of interest to all who delight in analysing the characters and tracing the conduct of men of superior powers. Of what advantage is it to contemplate the course of mediocrity, or study the effusions of those whose career and whose influence are scarcely distinguishable from thousands of their contemporaries—but to encourage indolence, foster prejudice, and obstruct the progress of intelligence? There is nothing exciting about such persons; while the men, whose native energies, struggling into light, gave them priority and power among their equals, and commanded their esteem and admiration, infuse, by their example and success, fresh stimulus into a thousand generations. But then it is not enough to be told—here they were born, and there they were taught—this was their field of action, and those were their associates—such and such were their productions, composed under such circumstances and on such occasions;—we desire to know the individual more intimately, more familiarly—in all his relations, at home and abroad, in the bosom of his family, and the intercourse of his friends, in his undress as well as his state-dress; and wherever the means of communicating such information exist, it is surely a moral and sacred duty in the possessor to produce them fully

and frankly. To act thus would indeed enlighten; whereas, to conceal one half of the man is only to keep us in the dark, and deprive us of the real benefit to be gathered from the closer knowledge of such as, endowed with higher abilities, are destined by nature to advance the course of moral knowledge. In the case of Doddridge, materials exist in abundance, and, luckily, they have at length fallen into the hands of a man—a great-grandson of the author's—with sense and spirit enough to present them to the world *unmutilated*. They consist of a considerable mass of correspondence, the greater part written in his earlier days, before he was involved in his more serious and pressing engagement; and a diary, descriptive not of daily and minute occurrences, but of the state of his private feelings, and the more striking incidents of his life. Why, it may be asked, have they been so long withheld? One reason probably was, the little value that was, till of late, set upon personal details by the public, and the consequent apprehension they would be welcome but to few; and some scruple, moreover, was felt, lest the publication of such familiar matters might derogate from the dignity of the author, unduly contrast with the gravity of a personage like Doddridge, and exhibit him in a light scarcely becoming his theological character. But, thanks to the more liberal, or at least more inquisitive spirit of our times, original and personal documents are sought after

* The Diary and Correspondence of Philip Doddridge, D.D. &c. &c. Edited by his great-grandson, John Doddridge Humphreys, Esq.

with increasing ardor, and are prompted, we are disposed to think, by an unquenchable desire to know the truth, and the whole truth, relative to the great of by-gone days. It is one of the best signs of the intelligence of our times, that while profession and perhaps hypocrisy are more justly chargeable on society than ever they were, and more concealments are aimed at, discovery and exposure with respect to the past are almost universally pursued; a sort of passion urges numbers to strip off old disguises of all kinds, and get precisely at things as they were. This, in spite of all obstruction, will lead us inevitably to judge correctly of things as they are; the application of past experience to the analysis and estimate of the present, is irrepressible; and we thus shall at once instruct ourselves, and establish surer principles for the guidance of those who come after us.

The portion of Doddridge's correspondence now published is exclusively that of his youth, extending only to his twenty-seventh year, and containing little of the grave matters and graver discussions the reader might haply anticipate from so venerable a name. The topics are chiefly relative to matters of personal interest—to the course of his education—to the subjects of his lighter readings—the affairs of his friends—the state of his feelings and affections—his solitude in the obscure village he resides in, and the unlicked and unintelligent society his intercourse with the world is confined to. He was not yet in conflict with much of the important business of life. In a subsequent portion, we shall find him in correspondence with all the more influential of his own class, and with many of the distinguished personages of the day, appealed to as authority, and respected as a sage and a saint; but with this we have nothing at present to do. If the reader be disappointed by lack of incidents, or the absence of weighty topics, he will be amply repaid by the truth and nature

that reign through the whole of his communications with his familiar friends. He writes with all the warmth and vivacity of youth; free from all affectation, and unrestrained by any mistrust. He has no misgivings, no apprehension of misconstruction, in the midst of what has occasionally an air of levity. Light-hearted and unsophisticated, he indulges his natural gaiety and turn for humor, and gives expression to the promptings of a playful fancy, in a tone of innocent badinage, that must be felt at once to be perfectly guileless. Mr. Humphreys has clipped away none of this exuberance; he is too wise a man to comply with the fastidious and sectarian admirers of Dr. Doddridge. "Should the gaiety of expression," says he, "conspicuous in much of the correspondence, be to any a source of offence, I wish them warmer hearts and sounder heads."

Doddridge was of the class of dissenters known by the name of Non-conformists, and advantageously distinguished from the dissidents of the day, usually termed dissenters. The ministers were men of a more learned cast, most of them of respectable family connexion, and of more liberal society—men whose ancestors had sacrificed interest to integrity, and themselves refusing to temporize from the same honorable motive. In this class Doddridge was born and bred; and piety and principle were among the first feelings excited and confirmed in him. In the year 1712, then ten years of age, he was sent to Kingston-upon-Thames, to a school which had been kept by his mother's father, and which is by some mistake called the Grammar-school. About three years after he had been thus placed at Kingston, he lost both his parents; and some expressions of resignation, written by him on that melancholy occasion, show how carefully his religious duties had been inculcated, and how habitually and easily religious thoughts rose in his young mind. By the persons under whose guardian-

ship he fell on the death of his parents, he was removed to a school at St. Alban's, where he was also introduced to the notice and regard of Mr. Samuel Clark, the pastor of the Non-conformist congregation of the town, himself the son of an ejected minister of some distinction; and into this gentleman's church, according to the custom of those days and of the party, after due preparation, he was solemnly admitted a member, in his sixteenth year. While at this school, his piety and benevolence were early conspicuous; when only fourteen, though still mingling eagerly in the amusements of his age, he was, for the most part, quite a little man—methodizing his time, and keeping exact accounts of the disposal of it. He assisted his school-fellows, selecting those especially who he knew had not the same advantages as himself, and visited the neighboring cottages, reading the bible to the inmates, and expending his pocket-money for the relief of their necessities.

While at St. Albans the desire of devoting himself to the "ministry" became the settled purpose of his soul, and he accordingly began a course of preparation; but this was very soon broken in upon by the failure of his guardian, in whose bankruptcy was wrecked the whole of the family property. He took refuge with his sister, and while thus in anxious suspense, the Duchess of Bedford offered to place him at either of the Universities if he would adopt the Church as his future profession. He magnanimously declined this offer, though coming at so critical and tempting a period, on the ground of *subscription*, to which he already felt he could never bring himself to accede. As the ministry was still the first object of his wishes, and his hope of assistance for the accomplishment of it naturally resting on the dissenters, an appeal was made to Dr. Calamy, the head of that body, but from whom, unhappily, he met with nothing but a cold repulse, and advice to turn his attention to something

else. Mr. Humphreys speculates upon Calamy's motives for thus discouraging an ardent youth like Doddridge, and at last kindly, but gratuitously, concludes he must have been influenced by the delicate and frail appearance of his health;—he was tall and singularly slender, with a languid fulness of eye, and a mantling flush upon his cheek—the common heralds of early death. Checked thus in the attainment of his wishes, the law seemed his only source, and through the recommendation of a friend of the family, an advantageous proposal was made him in a solicitor's office, with which he was just on the point of closing, when he received a letter from Mr. Clark, of St. Alban's, with a frank offer, if he chose the ministry upon Christian principle, to take him under his own care. To Doddridge this generous offer was like a message from heaven, and he eagerly expressed his acceptance.

To this gentleman he accordingly hastened, and by him, at the end of a few months, was placed, in 1719, at an academy established at Kibworth, near Harborough, in Leicestershire—a leading place of education among Dissenters, ably conducted by Mr. John Jennings, a man of learning, piety, and candor. Here were nearly three years admirably spent in the steady and unflinching prosecution of his studies, under the friendly guidance of a man of no common attainments, in the simple society of his tutor's family, and a few fellow students of the same class and the same views, apart from all that could distract or corrupt. His incomparable friend Mr. Clark, though himself in the narrowest circumstances, undertook the discharge of his expenses, which, small as they were, was a matter of considerable difficulty, but cheerfully borne. The influence of his tutor now and then obtained him a guinea or two, for books, from dissenting societies and private friends; and occasionally came a trifle from Lady Jane Russell, who lived within a few miles of Kibworth, to whom at

stated seasons he paid formal visits, and with whom, in after-life, he kept up a frequent and confidential intercourse by letters.

During his residence at Kibworth begins the correspondence now published, which is continued with one or other of his correspondents so uninterruptedly, that it presents a full account of his fortunes and course of life for ten years, the period of his final removal to Northampton, where he settled as the pastor of that congregation, and the principal of the dissenting academy. The correspondence from Kibworth is addressed chiefly to Mr. Clark, and a sister of that gentleman, and occasionally to his own sister, and two or three ladies, the friends of Mr. Clark or his own family, whom he usually styles his mamma or his aunt. The letters to Mr. Clark are descriptive of his studies and of his readings. His opinions of the books he was perusing, though at so early an age, are marked by the soundest judgment, but especially by that liberality of sentiment which characterised him through life, and which, indeed, distinguished most of the eminent men of his party, in his own age, and in that which immediately preceded. His letters to his sister are full, as occasion called forth his feelings, of affectionate sympathy, or playful complaint; while those which are addressed to his lady friends testify the warmth of his affections and the kindness of his nature, and exhibit him in the most amiable and attractive light, with a degree of gaiety and liveliness that seems never, in after-life, to have deserted him. Of this gaiety the reader shall have a specimen, and let no fastidious person turn up his or her nose—the evident *naïveté* may well excuse the apparent *brusquerie*. He is addressing the lady whom he calls his Aunt.

“Your rules of behavior are certainly very judicious. But the business of kissing wants a little farther explanation. You tell me, the ladies have resigned their claim to formal kisses at the beginning and end of visits. But I suppose they still allow

of *extemporary* kissing; which you know a man may be led into by a thousand circumstances which he does not foresee. I cannot persuade myself that this pretty amusement is entirely banished out of the polite world, because, as the apostle says in another case, even nature itself teaches it. I would not for the world be so unmannerly as to ask my aunt whether she has not been kissed within this fortnight; but I hope I may rely on her advice, and that she will not deceive me in a matter of such vast importance. For my own part, I can safely say, I look upon this, as well as the other enjoyments of life, with a becoming moderation and indifference. Perhaps, madam, I could give you such instances of my abstinence as would make your hair stand on end! I will assure you, aunt, which is a most amazing thing, I have not kissed a woman since Monday, July 10th, 1721, about twelve o'clock at night; and yet I have had strong temptations both from within and from without. I have just been drinking tea with a very pretty lady, who is about my own age. Her temper and conversation are perfectly agreeable to mine, and we have had her in the house about five weeks. My own conscience upbraids me with a neglect of a thousand precious opportunities that may never return. But then I consider, that it may be a prejudice to my future usefulness, and help me into farther irregularities, (not to say, that she has never discovered any inclination of that nature,) and so I refrain. But to-morrow I am to wait upon her to a village about a mile and a half from Kibworth, and I am sensible it will be a trying time. However, I shall endeavor to fortify my mind against the temptations of the way by a very careful perusal of your letter, and my mamma's of the 31st of October.”

Here is another specimen, in a style of compliment little to be expected from a raw lad under twenty, bred up in absolute seclusion, in a remote village, and in the absence of all courtly society:

“You see, madam, I treat you with

rustic simplicity, and perhaps talk more like an uncle than a nephew. But I think it is a necessary truth, that ought not to be concealed, because it may possibly disoblige. In short, madam, I will tell you roundly, that if a lady of your character cannot bear to hear a word in her own commendation, she must rather resolve to go out of the world, or not attend to anything that is said in it. And if you are determined to indulge this unaccounted humor, depend upon it, that with a thousand excellent qualities and agreeable accomplishments, you will be one of the most unhappy creatures in the world. I assure you, madam, you will meet with affliction every day of your life. You frown, when a home-bred, unthinking boy tells you that he is extremely entertained with your letters. Surely you are in a down-right rage, whenever you converse with gentlemen of refined taste and solid judgment; for I am sure, let them be ever so much upon their guard, they cannot forbear tormenting you about an agreeable person, a fine air, a sparkling wit, steady prudence, and unaffected piety, and a thousand other things, that I am afraid to name, although even I can dimly perceive them; or if they have so much humility as not to talk of them to your face, you will be sure to hear of them at second hand. Poor aunt! I profess I pity you; and if I did but know any one circumstance of your character that was a little defective, I would be sure to expatiate upon it out of pure good-nature."

With all this gaiety, which some will term levity, he was not only assiduous in the pursuits of learning, but zealous in the cultivation of his moral qualities, and the practice of his religious duties. The rules which he laid down for his own guidance, while a student, have all the self-severity of the stoic, and the rational humility of the Christian.

Doddridge was now in his twentieth year, when his tutor removed to Hinckley, whither he accompanied him. Within a week or two, he was

prevailed upon by Mr. Jennings to make his appearance in the pulpit of a friend of his at Nuneaton. In a letter to his sister, he speaks of it in these terms:

"I preached my first sermon on Sunday morning, to a very large auditory, from 1 Cor. xvi. 22. It was a plain, practical discourse, and cost me but a few hours' study; but as I had the advantage of a very moving subject, and a good-natured, attentive people, it was received much better than I could have expected. There was one good old woman, that was a little offended to see such a lad get up into the pulpit; but I had the good fortune to please her so well, that as soon as I had done, she told Mrs. Jennings that she could lay me in her bosom."

Though preaching now almost every week, and sometimes oftener, he still continued for some months with his old tutor, to complete what was termed the theological course; and such was the reception his animated style of preaching met with, that he was quickly invited to so important a post as Coventry, and declined it only to avoid some probable conflict or jealousy with older men. In the mean while, Kibworth had had no regular minister since Jennings left it. Doddridge had often filled the pulpit, and the little society were earnest to have him settled among them. Thirty, or five-and-thirty pounds was the utmost they could raise; but to this place Doddridge finally resolved to go, partly as a place where he might uninterruptedly prosecute his studies, and partly to gain time to qualify for a more intelligent or fastidious congregation. His correspondence, much of it to the same parties, still takes the same light and bantering tone. Addressing a lady just married—"a very agreeable lady who was once—Mrs. Rebecca Roberts," and soliciting excuse for his neglect of her "charming and edifying letter," he proceeds:

"As I throw myself at your fair feet with tears of penitence, let me

entreat you to raise me with the hand of gentleness, and bestow upon me a kiss of forgiveness; and thus show that you are the kindest, as well as the fairest of your sex; and (by graciously restoring me to that place in your favor which I had most ungraciously forfeited) make me the happiest, though I have been the most unworthy of my own. You see this is an altitude of rapture far above my common strain of writing; but you will remember, madam, that it is the greatness of my concern that has thus elevated and transported me.

"To talk a little more seriously, you cannot imagine how I have been taken up these three last guilty months. I never had so much business in my life—and I am still in such haste, that I know not how to express it but by blots and blunders. I have frequently been on horseback three days in a week, and have had the important business of two Societies and three mistresses upon my hands at the same time. This is as good an excuse as so bad a cause will admit of. But I believe, upon second thoughts, that I need not concern myself about an excuse; for, I assume, on a moderate computation, it is about fifty to one, that you have never thought of me since you wrote the superscription to my letter; for I perceive you are just entering upon the holy state of wedlock, and I know that is enough to swallow up all other thoughts. Well, good, dear madam, send me word in your next, how, and where, and when you were married, and whether you are still the same gay, good-natured creature as you were when you were a maid—of Bethnal-green. I profess I am almost sorry to think, that one of our sex is to be made happy in your possession, and a thousand miserable in your loss. I heartily wish I were a poet, as I would then have sent you a most glorious epithalamium; but, however, as I am a minister, a more honorable, though not a more profitable employment, I intend, in my next, to give a most accurate and useful discourse relating to

24 ATHENEUM, VOL. 3, 3d series.

the conjugal duties, for which I shall expect your thanks, and a pair of kid gloves from your husband

"One great piece of news I have to tell you, and then I must finish my letter. I am going to settle at Kibworth, in the place of my worthy tutor, and a worthy successor he will have. I am to live in a little village in the neighborhood, where I shall have a charming girl in the house with me, and not another within half a score miles. If I mistake not, my philosophy will be in danger, for she is really an incomparable creature."

At Kibworth, or rather at Stretton, a village just by, he describes his situation to one of his female correspondents in these lively terms:—

"You know I love a country life, and here we have it in perfection. I am roused in the morning with the chirping of sparrows, the cooing of pigeons, the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep, and, to complete the concert, the grunting of swine, and neighing of horses. We have a mighty pleasant garden and orchard, and a fine arbor under some tall, shady limes, that form a kind of lofty dome, of which, as a native of the great city, you may perhaps catch a glimmering idea, if I name the cupola of St. Paul's. And then, on the other side of the house, there is a large space which we call a wilderness, and which, I fancy, would please you extremely. The ground is a dainty green-sward; a brook runs sparkling through the middle, and there are two large fish-ponds at one end; both the ponds and the brook are surrounded with willows; and there are several shady walks under the trees, besides little knots of young willows interspersed at convenient distances. This is the nursery of our lambs and calves, with whom I have the honor to be intimately acquainted. Here I generally spend the evening, and pay my respects to the setting sun; when the variety and the beauty of the prospect inspire a pleasure that I know not how to express. I am sometimes so transported with these

inanimate beauties, that I fancy that I am like Adam in Paradise; and it is my only misfortune that I want an Eve, and have none but the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, for my companions.

"The master and mistress of the family, where I board, are very good, plain sort of people; but his politeness extends no farther than the team and the plough, nor hers than the poultry or the dairy; and they are so much taken up with these important affairs, that your poor friend has but little of their company. I swear by the Heart of my Mistress, which is the supreme oath, that I am very frequently alone twenty-one hours in the twenty-four; and sometimes breakfast, dine, and sup by myself. I cannot say that this hermetic life, as multitudes would call it, is very agreeable to my natural temper, which inclines me to society. I am, therefore, necessarily obliged to study hard; and, if it were not for that resource, my life would be a burden. You cannot imagine how I long for the enjoyment of my friend Clio, who is in my thoughts a thousand times a day: and so far from burning her letters, which she was once so barbarous as to intimate, I read them oftener than ever."

In a few months he left this farmer's, and took up his residence at the house of another farmer of a somewhat higher cast, whose daughter he had known at Mr. Jennings's, and of whom he often speaks as his "pretty pupil." The consequence of this proximity was inevitable with a youth of Doddridge's warm and imaginative temperament: he became quickly, devotedly attached; but the young lady, though confessing a mutual flame, was somewhat capricious, and seems at times to have harassed her admirer and shaken his equanimity—now accepting and now refusing—not understanding *why* she should marry Doddridge without a competent provision, when she could marry another *with*. Doddridge had nothing but his 30*l*. and she nothing but expectancies, which, though considerable, were re-

mote. The friends of the lady, never very favorable to the match, suffered the affair to go on, and of course, though nothing could alienate his mind from the duties of his profession, or scarcely check the severity of his studies, she occupied much of his thoughts, and his attentions to her subjected him to remark. No indiscretions followed, as apparently in our days, with the same opportunities, would in nine cases out of ten inevitably have done—so relaxed are the springs of good morals among us, proved by the greater precautions we now take, and the smile of incredulity that would be raised by the contrary supposition.

In the meanwhile he had numerous invitations, or *calls*, from different quarters, and some of them of great importance in the Non-conformist world—Nottingham, Coventry again, and even London; but all were declined; some because he was required to *subscribe*. Speaking of the London call, he says, "Considering the temper of the people, I thought it very probable that I should have been required to subscribe, which I was resolved never to do; for as I had been accustomed, under my dear tutor, to that latitude of expression which the scriptures indulge and recommend, I could not resolve upon tying myself up in trammels, and obliging myself to talk in the phrases of the Assembly's Catechism, which Mr. Some told me would have been necessary there." In this matter of subscription there is some inconsistency, which we cannot readily reconcile. He refused the Duchess of Bedford's offers because he could not matriculate without subscription, but that was to the whole thirty-nine. The subscription required from dissenting ministers was to the doctrinal articles, with which he now resolves to have nothing to do; and yet we find, when he began to preach in the neighborhood of Hinckley, he did subscribe at Leicester—Mr. Humphreys adds in a note, he could not safely preach without. We must conclude either the enforcing of

the law at this time was relaxed, or Doddridge was grown firmer.

The correspondence which belongs to this period, though containing much that is of a graver cast, and some that are argumentative on points of doctrine and criticism, is, for the most part, of the same light and sportive character. It is no part of our present purpose to notice what may be regarded by some of more importance. The next fasciculus, which will be published in the coming season, will comprise the more weighty part, and also the Diary, when ample opportunities will be afforded us of presenting this excellent, liberal-minded person in the light which his admirers (some of them at least) probably think he ought only to have appeared in. This is not our opinion. We like him the better for his *humanity*. Things as they are, is our motto, and away with disguises. Saturnine must be the complexion that does not smile at the specimen of the mock-pathetic, in vol. i. p. 405.

The connexion with Miss Kitty, which occupied so large a portion of his thoughts, and fills so many of his letters, was suddenly broken off; an event thus communicated to his brother-in-law:—"Restoration, peace, and liberty! These few lines come to let you know that I am well: and that I lost my mistress yesterday, about twenty minutes after four in the afternoon, and am, &c." The young lady had, it seems, been imperative, and insisted on his breaking off all connexion with Mrs. Jennings, his tutor's widow, of whom she appears to have been vehemently jealous. Devoted as he was to Miss Kitty, he peremptorily rejected the imperious condition, and moralizes thus on the subject to his friend Mr. Clark:—"And now, Sir, I have seriously to look back upon an *amour* (this was written in 1726, the reader will take the word as it was then used) of about twenty-eight months, and I find that, at the expense of a great many anxious days and restless nights, fond

transports, passionate expostulations, weak submissions, and a long train of other extravagancies, which I should be ready to call impertinent, if they were not too injurious to admit of so soft a name, I have only purchased a more lively conviction that *all is vanity!*"

Doddridge now resided with Mrs. Jennings and her daughter at Harbrough; the latter a beautiful girl, but quite a child, to whom, however, insensibly, and in despite of her childishness, he became warmly attached, and would willingly have married her; but this act of imprudence was prevented by her finally fixing her affections on a pupil of Doddridge's. This was Mr. Aikin; and the young lady was afterwards the mother of Mrs. Barbauld. Among the letters written during his residence with Mrs. Jennings, none are more remarkable than his expostulatory one to little Miss, and two, of a retaliatory kind, to the mother, and a sister or cousin of hers, who lived in the same house. Miss Jennings, whom he had at first fondled as a child, began quickly to perceive, with all her sex's instinct, her power over him, and treated him capriciously. In his letter, he urges her to be either always kind and obliging, or always negligent and rude; but though managed adroitly enough, it will not compete with either of the letters to the elder ladies, both of whom, it seems, had taken upon them to read him (he was now not four-and-twenty) a matronly lecture, and probably expected nothing less than such a retort. We may perhaps quote these hereafter.

As he grows older, Doddridge's talents and acquirements become more known, and everywhere acknowledged; his friends multiply; he is engaged in correspondence more connected with his profession and the business of life; and the young man gradually disappears, but never the hilarity and amiableness of his nature. The volumes conclude with his removal to Northampton, the scene of all his after-celebrity.

THE VENETIAN BRACELET, &c.*

WE find in this new publication only another enchanting proof of female genius; original, varied, delightful, and exalted. That there may be marks of carelessness or haste in passages—or rather that the writer will not waste a systematic polish upon the treasures which her gifted mind pours so profusely forth—will not escape the microscopic regard of the minute examiner; but the splendid poetical imagery,—the superabundant evidence of true inspiration, the ever-recurring flashes of new thoughts, and the passionate bursts of noble strains, which prevail throughout the whole, will bear along the soul of every reader of taste and feeling; and all will be unnoticed, save the magic power of this extraordinary individual. We profess that we have no terms high enough to speak our admiration of many parts of the volume before us, alternating from depths of sentiment to the most pathetic touches of nature; and from simple ideas of perfect novelty and exquisite beauty, to prolonged themes of moral and philosophical grandeur, which seem rather the attribute of masculine understanding and profound reflection than the emanations of a young and feminine spirit, though endowed with that marvellous faculty which we know to be genius, and to be as different from talent or cultivated intellect, as the sun which lights is different from the reflected image of the lake or stream. And it is to this rare quality, after all, that the homage of fame is paid. The level and ordinary, though sweet and graceful, composition, excites none of those strong emotions which genius raises at command; we are pleased and gratified, but the heart never gushes over in a flood of sympathy, struck from it by the master-stroke of the prophet's wand; the soul never rises with the sublime sentiment; the involuntary

exclamation of wonder and rapture is never elicited by that irresistible appeal which wakens its response in the inmost cells of the human bosom. It is to genius, and to genius alone, that such an empire belongs; and without referring to the many preceding instances in which L. E. L. has asserted her rights to the throne, we are indeed deplorably mistaken if the following selections will not cause it to be again acknowledged by common and universal assent.

Of the first of the poems, "the Venetian Bracelet," we shall, however, say nothing, except that, as an attractive story, it is perhaps more completely wrought out than any of the writer's former productions. The "Lost Pleiad" (from which Mr. Howard and Mr. W. Finden have painted and engraved one of the loveliest gems of a frontispiece that we ever saw) is also a tale of great and affecting interest: it is that of the Star which, according to heathen mythology, formed an earthly attachment, and lost its place in that heavenly constellation where the other six daughters of Atlas still continued to shed their celestial influence. From this poem we make our commencing extract.

"Oh pleasant is it for the heart
To gather up itself apart;
To think its own thoughts, and to be
Free as none ever yet were free,
When, prisoners to their gilded thrall,
Vain crowd meets crowd in lighted hall!
With frozen feelings, tutor'd eye,
And smile which is itself a lie.
—Oh, but for lonely hours like these,
Would every finer current freeze;
Those kinder impulses that glow,
Those clear and diamond streams that flow
Only in crystal, while their birth
Is all unsoil'd with stain of earth.
Ever the lover hath gainsay'd
The creed his once religion made,—
That pure, that high, that holy creed,
Without which love is vain indeed;
While that which was a veiled shrine,
Whose faith was only not divine,
Becomes a vague, forgotten dream—
A thing of scorn—an idle theme.

* The Venetian Bracelet; the Lost Pleiad; the History of the Lyre; and other Poems, By L. E. L., author of "the Improvisatrice," "the Troubadour," "the Golden Violet," &c 12mo. pp. 310. London, 1829.

Denied, degraded, and repress,
Love lies beneath the heartless jest.
Oh vain ! for not with such can be
One trace of his divinity.
Ever from poet's lute hath flown
The sweetness of its early tone,
When from its wild flight it hath bow'd,
To seek for homage 'mid the crowd ;
Be the one wonder of the night,
As if the soul could be a sight ;
As all his burning numbers speak
Were written upon brow and cheek ;
And he forsooth must learn its part,
Must choose his words, and school his heart
To one set mould, and pay again
Flattery with flattery as vain ;
Till, mixing with the throng too much,
The cold, the vain, he feels as such ;
Then marvels that his silent lute
Beneath that worldly hand is mute.
— Away ! these scenes are not for thee :
Go dream beneath some lonely tree ;
Away to some far woodland spring,
Dash down thy tinsel crown, and wring
The scented unguents from thine hair :
It thou dost hope that crown to share
The laurel'd bards immortal wear,—
Muse thou o'er leaf and drooping flower,
Wander at evening's haunted hour ;
Listen the stockdove's plaintive song
Until it bear thy soul along ;
Then call upon thy freed lute's strain,
And it will answer thee again.
Oh, mine own song, did I not hold
Such faith as held the bards of old,—
That one eternal hope of fame
Which sanctifies the poet's name,—
I'd break my lyre in high disdain,
And hold my gift of song as vain
As those forced flowers which only bloom
One hot night for a banquet-room."

"The History of the Lyre" is one of L. E. L.'s very powerful compositions. Here she is upon her own peculiar and impassioned theme ; painting in language of deep and touching pathos the feelings and the sufferings of those who are gifted with the dangerous love of song ; and here she sweeps, with exquisite spirit and truth, over chords to which the heart of every bard, or young or old, or male or female, that ever longed for fame and immortality, will as surely and sensitively respond as human nature is human nature. Eulalia, a Roman girl,—something of the Improvisatrice of that volume which first established the celebrity of the writer,—is the heroine of this beautiful poem ; and the scene in which she is introduced is worthy of her own loveliness and destinies.

"We stood beside a cypress whose green spire
Rose like a funeral column o'er the dead.

Near was a fallen palace—stain'd and gray
The marble show'd amid the tender leaves
Of ivy but just shooting ; yet there stood
Pillars unbroken, two or three vast halls,
Entire enough to cast a deep black shade ;
And a few statues, beautiful but cold—
White shadows, pale and motionless, that seem
To mock the change in which they had no part—

Fit images of the dead. Pensive enough,
Whatever aspect desolation wears ;
But this, the wrecking work of yesterday,
Hath somewhat still more touching ; here we trace

The waste of man too much. When years
have past

Over the fallen arch, the ruin'd hall,
It seems but course of time, the one great doom
Whose influence is alike upon us all ;
The grey tints soften, and the ivy wreath
And wild flowers breathe life's freshness round :

but here
We stand before decay ; scarce have the walls
Lost music left by human step and voice ;
The lonely hearth, the household desolate,
Some noble race gone to the dust in blood :
Man shames of his own deeds, and there we gaze,

Watching the progress, not of time, but death."

We quote the congenial description
of Eulalia :—

"Her eyes were like the moonlight, clear
and soft,

That shadowy brightness which is born of
tears,

And raised towards the sky, as if they sought
Companionship with their own heaven ; her
cheek—

Emotion made it colorless, that pure
And delicate white which speaks so much of
thought,

Yet flushes in a moment into rose ;
And tears like pearls lay on it, those which
come

When the heart wants a language."

Then follows the affecting picture
of a superior nature thrown away in
the mere nothings of common life ;
unable to expand in its nobler sphere,
and filled with regrets at its own want
of energy to resist or escape the trifling world. In this also the comparisons are new and powerful.

"Yet still our meetings were mid festival,
Night after night. It was both sad and strange
To see that fine mind waste itself away,
Too like some noble stream, which, unconfined,
Makes fertile its rich banks, and glads the face
Of nature round ; but not so when its wave
Is lost in artificial waterfalls,
And sparkling eddies ; or coop'd up to make
The useless fountain of a palace hall.
One day I spoke of this ; her eager soul
Was in its most unearthly element.
We had been speaking of the immortal dead.
The light flash'd in her eyes. 'Tis this which
makes

The best assurance of our promised heaven :
This triumph intellect has over death—

Our words yet live on others' lips; our thoughts
Actuate others. Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory; and such speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds.
Welcome a grave with memories such as these,
Making the sunshine of our moral world!"

Eulalia is reproached with the
weakness of suffering less worthy pur-
suits, or rather occupations, to engross
her faculties; and she answers—

"Speak not of this to me, nor bid me think;
It is such pain to dwell upon myself,
And know how different I am from all
I once dream'd I could be. Fame! stirring
fame!

I work no longer miracles for thee.
I am as one who sought at early dawn
To climb with fiery speed some lofty hill:
His feet are strong in eagerness and youth;
His limbs are braced by the fresh morning air,
And all seems possible:—this cannot last.
The way grows steeper, obstacles arise,
And unkind thwartings from companions near.
The height is truer measured, having traced
Part of its heavy length; his sweet hopes drop.
Like prison'd birds that know their cage has
bars,
The body wearies, and the mind is worn—
That worst of lassitude:—hot noon comes on;
There is no freshness in the sultry air,
There is no rest upon the toilsome road;
There is the summit, which he may not reach,
And round him are a thousand obstacles."

We shall now add a splendid and
pathetic picture of a young poet's fate,
especially in the intercourse of society.

"All time attests the miracles of man:
The very elements, whose nature seems
To mock dominion, yet have worn his yoke.
His way has been upon the pathless sea;
The earth's dark bosom search'd; bodiless air
Works as his servant; and from his own mind
What rich stores he has won!—the sage, the
bard,
The painter,—these have made their nature
proud:

And yet how life goes on, its great outline
How noble and ennobling!—but within
How mean, how poor, how pitiful, how mix'd
With base alloy; how Disappointment tracks
The steps of Hope! how Envy dogs success;
How every victor's crown is lined with thorns,
And worn mid scoffs! Trace the young poet's
fate:

Fresh from his solitude, the child of dreams,
His heart upon his lips, he seeks the world,
To find him fame and fortune, as if life
Were like a fairy tale. His song has led
The way before him; flatteries fill his ear,
His presence courted, and his words are caught;
And he seems happy in so many friends.
What marvel if he somewhat overrate
His talents and his state! These scenes soon
change.

The vain, who sought to mix their name with
his;
The curious, who but live for some new sight;
The idle,—all these have been gratified,

And now neglect stings even more than scorn.
Envy has spoken, felt more bitterly
For that it was not dream'd of; worldliness
Has crept upon his spirit unaware;
Vanity craves for its accustom'd food;
He has turn'd sceptic to the truth which made
His feelings poetry; and discontent
Hangs heavily on the lute, which wakes no
more

Its early music:—social life is fill'd
With doubts and vain aspirings; solitude,
When the imagination is dethroned,
Is turn'd to weariness. What can he do
But hang his lute on some lone tree, and die?"

And such, it may be anticipated, is
the destiny of Eulalia. In her lament
over disappointed anticipations is the
following striking passage:—

Alas! we make
A ladder of our thoughts, where angels step,
But sleep ourselves at the foot: our high re-
solves
Look down upon our slumbering acts."

The Miscellaneous Poems are of
many a kind and many a verse;—the
effusions of the hour, and partaking,
we hardly like to say so, of the appa-
rent moods of their author,—accom-
plished by an innate or heaven-born
principle, which has not always that
glorious direction of which it is sus-
ceptible; but is occasionally marred
by a frivolity that it spurns and mourns
in its nobler hours.

We select the fanciful and playful
lines called "Fantasies," and address-
ed to Mr. Crofton Croker, the estima-
ble author of "Fairy Legends," and
other justly popular works.

"I'm weary, I'm weary,—this cold world of
ours:

I will go dwell afar with fairies and flowers.
Farewell to the festal, the hall of the dance,
Where each step is a study, a falsehood each
glance;
Where the vain are displaying, the vapid are
yawning;
Where the beauty of night, the glory of dawn-
ing,
Are wasted, as Fashion, that tyrant, at will
Makes war on sweet Nature, and exiles her
still.

I'm weary, I'm weary,—I'm off with the wind:
Can I find a worse fate than the one left behind!
—Fair beings of moonlight, gay dwellers in air,
O show me your kingdom! O let me dwell there!
I see them, I see them!—how sweet it must be
To sleep in yon lily!—is there room in't for me!
I have flung my clay fetters; and now I but
wear

A shadowy seeming, a likeness of air.
Go harness my chariot, the leaf of an oak;
A butterfly stud, and a tendril my yoke.
Go swing me a hammock, the poles mignonette;
I'll rock with its scent in the gossamer net.

Go fetch me a courser ; yon reed is but slight,
Yet far is the distance 'twill bear me to-night.
I must have a throne,—ay, yon mushroom may
stay,
It has sprung in a night, 'twill be gather'd
next day :
And fit is such throne for my brief fairy reign ;
For, alas ! I'm but dreaming, and dreams are
but vain."

And we would now close our grate-
ful task, were it not that a composition
doing equal honor to the poetical ge-
nius and the liberal feelings of the
fair author claims our suffrage. It is
addressed to a yet younger ornament
of our bright galaxy of female talent,
and breathes a degree of plaintive and
boding apprehension, while it pours
out a measure of affectionate council,
which are eminently calculated to ex-
alt both the author and the object of
her poetic solicitude, in the esteem of
every reader whose esteem is worth
enjoying.

" To Mary Anne Browne.

" Thy hands are fill'd with early flowers,
Thy step is on the wind ;
The innocent and keen delight
Of youth is on thy mind :—
That glad fresh feeling that bestows
Itself the pleasure which it knows,
The pure, the undefined ;
And thou art in that happy hour
Of feeling's uncurb'd, early power.

Yes, thou art very young, and youth,
Like light, should round thee fling
The sunshine thrown round morning's hour,
The gladness given to spring :
And yet upon thy brow is wrought
The darkness of that deeper thought
Which future time should bring.
What can have traced that shadowy line
Upon a brow so young as thine ?

'Tis written in thy large dark eyes,
Fill'd with unbidden tears ;
The passionate paleness on thy cheek,
Belying thy few years.
A child, yet not the less thou art
One of the gifted hand and heart,
Whose deepest hopes and fears
Are omen-like : the poet's dower
Is even as the prophet's power.

Thy image floats before my eyes,
Thy book is on my knee ;
I'm musing on what now thou art,
And on what thou wilt be.
Dangerous as a magic spell,
Whose good or evil none may tell,
The gift that is with thee ;
For Genius, like all heavenly light,
Can blast as well as bless the sight.

Thou art now in thy dreaming time ;
The green leaves on the bough,
The sunshine turning them to gold,
Are pleasures to thee now ;

And thou dost love the quiet night,
The stars to thee are a delight ;
And not a flower can grow,
But brings before thy haunted glance
The poet days of old romance.

With thine 'own people' dost thou dwell,
And by thine own fireside ;
And kind eyes keep o'er thee a watch,
Their darling and their pride.
I cannot choose but envy thee ;
The very name of home to me
Has been from youth denied :
But yet it seems like sacred ground,
By all earth's best affection's bound.

'Tis well for thee ; thou art not made
Struggle like this to share ;
Ill might that gentle, loving heart,
The world's cold conflict bear ;
Where selfish interest, falsehood, strife,
Strain through their gladiatorial life ;
Save that the false ones wear
Seeming and softness and a smile,
As if guilt were effaced by guile.

I dare not speak to thee of fame,
That madness of the soul,
Which flings its life upon one cast,
To reach its desperate goal.
Still the wings destined for the sky
Will long their upward flight to try,
And seek to dare the whole,
Till, space, and storm, and sunshine past,
Thou find'st thou art alone at last.

But love will be thy recompense,
The love that haunts thy line ;
Ay, dream of love, but do not dream
It ever will be thine.
His shadow, not himself, will come ;
Too spiritual to be his home,
Thy heart is but his shrine ;
For vainest of all earthly things
The poet's vain imaginings.

Go, still the throbbing of thy brow,
The beating of thy heart ;
Unstring thy lute, and close thy page,
And choose a humbler part ;
Turn not thy glistening eyes above,
Dwell only in thy household love,
Forgetting what thou art ;
And yet life like what this must be
Seems but a weary lot for thee.

Or trust thee to thy soaring wing,
Awake the gifted lay ;
Fling life's more quiet happiness
For its wild dreams away.
'Tis a hard choice : on either side
Thy heart must with itself divide,
Be thy doom what it may.
Life's best to win, life's best to lose,—
The lot is with thee, maiden, choose.

Ah no !—the choice is not thine own,—
The spirit will rebel :
The fire within the poet's heart
Is fire unquenchable.
Far may its usual curse depart,
And light, but not consume, thy heart !
Sweet minstrel, fare thee well !
And may for once the laurel wreath
Not wither all that grows beneath !"

W—— OF TRINITY HALL.

A PORTRAIT.

In the old grey court on the right of the master's lodge, not far from the rooms occupied by Ebdon,* that merriest, though not the mildest of tutors, lived, in the year 181—, W——, of Trinity Hall. He was a short, fat, thick-set man, with a round red face, fond of grog, but very averse to Greek—a naval gentleman disguised in academicals; and as he rolled along Trumpington-street, in his full, flowing, fellow-commoner's gown, with the same step and stagger with which he would have paced his own quarter-deck, was a spectacle which has been known to relax the iron muscles even of Professor Scholefield himself.

But if his appearance was droll, much more were his demeanor and dialogue. He had served many years in the navy; and having (to use his own expressions) "thrice fought a ship, was now *about to work a church!*" No chance of promotion now our *best friend* is deposed! My father will have a vacant living very shortly; and I," he sighed deeply, "must fill it! So," thus he concluded, to the utter amazement of the resident fellow, "I've brought myself up in smooth water, and here I am, like a young bear, with all my troubles before me."

Never was there a neophyte more sadly perplexed. When in his cap and gown, he always seemed doubtful of his own identity. Moreover, he was perpetually puzzled between his clerical prospects and his nautical retrospects. "Wind westerly! This day nine years, I was wrecked off Ushant. By the way, have you heard that the Bishop of Peterborough has issued a fresh code of signals—pscha!—questions I mean? How on earth I'm to answer!—Mind your weather-helm, Madam!" he exclaimed, as the gigantic Mrs. Battle trans-fixed him with the point of a huge

umbrella. "You should have shortened sail in this squally weather," was his gruff observation, as he with difficulty disengaged himself from her drapery and apologies.

Etiquette required he should be introduced by the tutor to some man of his own college. Mr. C—— C——, one of the "exclusives," was fixed upon. "Ha! I knew something of one of your family,—old Billy Blue."† Mr. C. C——'s complexion bore considerable affinity to his noble relative's nickname at that particular instant. "Old Billy Blue! Ah! he was not one of your psalm-singing beggars, with his hair as straight as a die. No, no! he knew what was a midshipman's duty, and more he never required. Not like your saintly skip-pers of modern days, who, while they give their orders, turn up their eyes like a lady in love, and—expect impossibilities."

"You should endeavor, Sir," was the sage advice of the professor of civil law, "to give your mind an academical turn while resident in this our university." But in vain. He convulsed the bystanders by the most pertinacious adherence to his professional phraseology. He persisted in maintaining, before a horrified assembly of the "most serious young men," that Mr. Simeon's action in the pulpit reminded him "of a ship's course working to windward;" and averred that "Professor ——, while delivering his lectures, resembled a stormy petrel on the look-out for squalls."

"W——," said the gay Sir Charles ——, as he rushed into his room one morning, breathless and half-dressed—"W——, shut your doors, the bailiffs are after me, and what can I do?"—"Do? stand out to wind with every stitch you can crack. But stay, have a glass of grog before you start. Ea-

* Tutor at present to Mr. Wellesley's sons.

† The late Hon. Admiral Cornwallis.

sy, easy. Why you bellow like a bunch of boatswains!"

I feel some difficulty in stating whether it was during a college examination in Trinity Hall, or a criminal one before the Vice Chancellor, that Mr. W—'s parts shone forth with the greatest brilliancy. The examination papers are generally printed: this year they consisted of Questions on one of the Gospels in the Greek Testament. "Do you find any difficulty, Mr. W—?" said the examining fellow, kindly, observing he had been poring over his papers for an hour in evident perplexity—"I shall be happy to give any explanation, or remove any obstacle that—"

"I'm quite at sea, Sir, with my sailing orders," was W—'s mournful reply. At one, he folded up his papers with his characteristic composure, and placed them in the tutor's hands. Their contents were a simple

"Mem:—May 20th, 181—, 1 P. M. Wind westerly—dead calm. Pored for three hours over my printed instructions,—as incomprehensible as Lord Gambier's speeches. Never could understand but one chapter in the New Testament, the twenty-seventh of Acts—that not called for. As to Mr. Cyrus, it's all babble!" R. W.

There had been a trumpery row in the University, which, magnified by malice, was brought under the cognizance of the Vice Chancellor. W—'s evidence was material, and both parties pressed for it proportionably. "I'll show the old lady a bit of traverse-sailing," said W—, and he *mystified* accordingly. "But what was the origin of the fray?—who struck the first blow?" asked Mr. Vice, and asked in vain.

At length the Vice drew a long breath and began:—"Mr. W—, you were present at the commencement of this dreadful outrage,—you were an eye-witness of the whole of this flagrant proceeding,—now, Mr. W—, on your honor,"—these words were repeated with the most appalling solemnity—"On your honor, Mr. W—, what was the first thing

you saw?"—"Mr. Vice Chancellor," replied W—, with an elongated visage, a mock solemnity of utterance, and a pause between each word, that gave the most farcical air to the whole proceeding—"There's no working to windward of truth:—the—first—thing—I—saw—was—Mr. Fitzosborne canting his ballast."

Yet his stories were to the full as memorable as his sayings. He had an inexhaustible store relative to Lord Collingwood, with whom he had sailed, and his dog Bounce, which he used to detail to the huge delight of a large laughter-loving audience. One I must find room for, the shortest, not the best. A Jemmy Jessamy of a midshipman waited on his Lordship to solicit a lieutenancy. The Admiral, fixing his penetrating eye on him, surveyed him in silence for a minute, and then observed, "That would be sporting with men's lives indeed! Sir, I would not trust you with a boat in a trout-stream!"

I lost sight of him for some years. At length we met again at ——— Palace, he for institution, I for examination. It was one of our rainy, chilly summers, and the bishop, a thin spare man, whom hard study and sedentary habits had evidently enervated, shrank from the inclemency of the season. "The morning is cold, the wind must be easterly."

"No, my Lord, not since this day week," said W—. "It was southerly at six; then veered a point or two to the *norward*, and is now due north."—"Indeed!" said the Bishop, who was evidently surprised at this lengthy reply, and by no means up to his man. Then addressing his secretary, who waited for his signature, he inquired, "Is it the first or second of June, Mr. Porteus?"—"The first, my Lord, the glorious first of June—Howe's victory, My Lord. How I should like to have another lick at those—" The Bishop stared and turned to his secretary, who reflected his Lordship's look of wonder with one of the most unqualified bewilderment.—"Hem!—hem!—my Lord, I beg pardon."

AURA VENI.

BY MISS CAROLINE BOWLES.*

BALMY freshness ! heavenly air !
Cool, oh ! cool this burning brow—
Loose the fiery circlet there—
Blessed thing ! I feel ye now.

Blessed thing ! depart not yet—
Let me, let me quaff my fill :
Leave me not my soul to fret
With longing for what mocks me still.

O ! the weary, weary nights
I've lain awake and thought of thee ;
Of clouds and corn, and all sweet sights
Of shade and sunshine, flower and tree.

Of running waters, rippling clear,
Of merry birds, and Gipsy camp,
Then how I loathed to see and hear
That ticking watch—that sickly lamp.

And longed at least for light again ;
For day—that brought no change to me ;
The weight was on my heart and brain,
God might remove it—*only He*.

But now and then the fount of tears,
So seeming dry, was free to flow ;
'Twas worth the happiness of years,
That short-lived luxury of woe !

And in the midst of all my pain
I knew I was not quite forgot ;
I knew my cry was not in vain—
So I was sad, but fainted not.

And now His merciful command
Hath lightened what was worst to bear ;
And given of better days at hand
A foretaste in this blessed air.

BUT !

How many pangs that rend the heart,
are centred, sometimes, in one little
word ! How sad a preparation for
sorrow and disappointment lies, too
often, in that which is here selected !

The forlorn widow, with her orphan
children, breathes her necessitous
prayer for aid in the ear of some rich
relative, who listens as patiently as if
he only desired to know the full ex-
tent of her wants ; and her eye beams
with the kindling ray of hope.

" I am, indeed, grieved to find that
you are so distressed. I had not the
least idea my brother had left you and
your children so destitute. You must
find it a hard struggle, I am sure, to
provide for so many mouths, to say
nothing of clothes, and other unavoida-
ble expenses. (A heavy sigh, and a
gathering tear, acknowledge the sad
truth.) I wonder you are able to
manage at all, when every necessary
of life is so dreadfully dear ; and it
would be a great satisfaction to me if
I could do anything to assist you ;
but—"

He need not have said another word.

The blow was given. The kindling
beam of hope was quenched by the
tears that followed this chilling har-
binger of disappointment. What did
it avail her to know that the stream
of bounty *might* have flowed, "*but,*—
he had a large family himself, who
were becoming very expensive—the
times were bad—money was scarce—
he had experienced heavy losses"—
and all those other selfish reasons,
which a cold heart nourishes, as the
safeguards of a close pocket.

Look at the thin grey hairs, whose
struggling locks curl round the scar
upon that veteran brow, where the yet
full blooded veins and arteries show
their meandering course in dark blue
lines ! He holds in his hand a letter,
which he has read only half through.
He has worn a sword for half a cen-
tury ; and in every clime he has drawn
it with honor to himself, and with ad-
vantage to his country. He might
almost number the years he has lived,
by the battles he has fought ; but there
needs no arithmetic to count the re-

* We regret to be enabled to state that these exquisite verses have been composed in no
factitious state of feeling, the amiable writer having been for many months past in a delicate
state of health. It rejoices us to hear, however, that she is now convalescent. She is one of
the true spirits, and such can ill be spared.

wards he has received. He was a lieutenant, when, in his first campaign, he was cut down by a blow from an enemy's sabre, and left for dead on the field : he is a lieutenant now, and reduced to half-pay, while many millions of fortune, who slept in their cradles when he was watching at an alarm post, or mingling in the shock of arms, have purchased, by money, or by ducking, that advancement, for which he could pay only with his blood. But though there was value given, he could never write value received.

And that half finished letter—what is it ? An answer to a memorial which he had sent in to the commander-in-chief's office, setting forth his claims to promotion upon the ground of length of service and severe wounds. He had waited long and anxiously for it, believing that his case was one which entitled him to the favorable consideration of the Horse-Guards. Hope deferred makes the heart sick ; but what medicine is there for the disease of hope destroyed !—This was his answer :—

“ Sir, your memorial has been laid before the commander-in-chief, and I have it in command to inform you, that the prayer of it has received every attention. The length of service which you mention, as well as the arduous nature of that service, together with the many wounds which you have received, and the high testimony borne to your merits by the distinguished officers under whom you have served, are, all of them, circumstances which give you an undoubted claim to the gracious consideration of his Majesty ; and the commander-in-chief would feel great pleasure in recommending you for promotion, *but—*”

“ But,” exclaimed the veteran, as he folded up the letter, without finishing it, and put it in his pocket, while a faint flush tinged his rough soldier's cheek, “ I have *only* my deserts to back me—my *past* services to plead—and what are they when no *future* ones are wanted ?”

Your only honest, upright, respectable character in the world's catalogue, is he who pays what he owes. There is no nobility like the nobility of the purse ; no roguery to be compared with that which is ragged and pennyless. It will sometimes happen, however, that the man of thousands lets his thousands all slip from him, while he himself slips into debts which are a thousand fold greater than his means to discharge them : but—there is such a thing as *misfortune* to account for the *accident* in his behalf who cannot plead necessity. How fares the man who never had his thousand pounds, yet owes his fifty with an insolvent pocket ? Where are the accidents and misfortunes to speak for him, and open his prison door ? Alas ! there is only one tongue whose voice can be made audible, and that is a golden one ; only one answer for his supplications, and that is a receipt in full. His creditor is an adept in nice and subtle distinctions ; a master of metaphysical ethics. He would never have adopted proceedings against him, *but—*he considered himself ill used ; the ill usage, correctly translated, consisting simply in the fact that he had not been paid ; and he would willingly drop the business now, *but—*it is in his lawyer's hands, and he cannot interfere. This, too, requires translation, when it reads thus :—“ I shall be satisfied with anything that satisfies my solicitor ; and I have told my solicitor he is not to be satisfied with anything except the money.”

“ Another day has passed,” exclaims a wretched criminal, whose hours are numbered, as he casts himself in anguish upon his bed. He has been condemned to die for forgery ; and the day of his execution is appointed. He is no common victim of offended justice—one who has always had the halter round his neck ; and accounting every hour he lived a triumph over the gallows, for which he had long been ripe. He is a husband and a father ; and, till the commission of the crime for which his life had been declared forfeited, his name was

high, and his credit, like his name, upon the public mart, where "merchants most do congregate." His friends deplore—his miserable family bewail—his fate. It is a heavy and a bitter penalty, to pay down at the close of a life which has stretched through half a century, for an offence that has many mitigating circumstances to soften all its darker shades.

The prayers of his wife and children, the intercession of his friends, the appeal for mercy, even from his fellow-citizens who declared him guilty, have made themselves heard at the foot of the throne.—There is hope! When is there not for the wretched? In vain the tongue denies her presence: she lingers in the heart, till that which stills its last throb, stifles her voice of promise. But "another day has passed," and there are no tidings of that which is to determine how many days more remain for the anxious supplicant in this world. Tomorrow comes, to him for whom, perhaps, there shall only be another tomorrow; and with it comes the dreaded certainty of the worst. His intercessors are told that all their representations have been deliberately weighed—that the particular circumstances which were considered as discriminating the case of the prisoner from that of others doomed to a similar punishment, had been attentively reviewed—that they did, indeed, constitute a strong ground for the extension of mercy—that the learned judge who tried the case had been applied to, to refer to his own notes of it—and that great hopes were entertained of such a report upon all the circumstances submitted in behalf of the prisoner, as would have justified the Secretary of State for the Home Department, in advising his Majesty to extend his gracious clemency, *but*—"

What a dismal consequence was here to be gathered! In the whole vocabulary of the English language, was there a word, or a combination of words, capable of conveying a sharper pang to an already lacerated and bleeding heart, than this little *but*,

which said to the living—thou art to die; and to the afflicted—thou must mourn?

These are some of the darker scenes of human life connected with this important monosyllable; but we find its unwelcome face staring upon us from a thousand nooks and corners. The author takes up the Quarterly Review, or the Monthly Magazine, to read the criticism upon his last work. His eye sparkles with delight at all the positive excellences that are enumerated; and though they outnumber, ten to one, the drawbacks that are brought up, in the rear, as a *corps de réserve*, under the command of this same "*but*"—the very appearance of the word gives a shock to his nerves, worse than that of the torpedo. "Mr. — is a vastly clever writer—great imagination—a fertile invention—considerable power of language, &c. &c. —*but*"—Why it is like one of Grimaldi's tricks in a pantomime, who bows and scrapes to the fine gentleman, puts his hand to his heart, shakes his head, and looks ineffable politeness: then, the moment he turns his back, salutes him with a kick! What lady could endure to be told, "You have fine eyes—a charming complexion—exquisitely white teeth — *but* —?" What lawyer, even though he were the Lord Chancellor—"Your legal knowledge is great—your talents are undeniable — *but*—you are without principle?" What actor, that he has ninety-nine requisites for the stage, *but*—that he wanted the hundredth? What artist, that his pencil united all the various styles of Correggio, Rembrandt, Claude, and Raffaele, *but*—? What Sunday newspaper-maker, that he can use the scissors, *but*—not the pen?

In short, I know not any way of making this ugly word agreeable. A bum-bailiff might as well attempt to introduce his friends John Doe and Richard Roe, as two sentimental gentlemen, fond of retirement, and soliciting the company of those who have already spent too much, to spend a

few weeks with them at their country-house in St. George's Fields. The poet laureat is the only man I know who has no reason to find fault with his "*but*"—and that is merely because it is spelt with two *t*'s instead of one; *but*, after all, I must confess I have made it my own *butt*—and *but* for that, I should not have writtea what I have. B. U. T.

UNPUBLISHED LINES ON DR. JOHNSON.

BY THE LATE DR. WOLCOT.

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile;
Casts of manure a waggon-load around
To raise a simple daisy from the ground;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?—
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat;
Creates a whirlwind from the earth to draw
A goose's feather, or exalt a straw;
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter!—
To force up one poor nipperkin of water;
Bids ocean labor with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore.
Alike in every theme his pompous art,
Heaven's awful thunder, or a rumbling cart!

THE LATEST FEMALE FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF THE FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

A *PELISSE* of *gros de Naples*, the color that of lilac shot with white. It fastens down the front with a narrow rouleau and a broad bias fold. The body is made slightly *en gerbe*, and is surmounted next the throat by a triple French ruff, formed of *Parras* lace. The sleeves are à *Pimbécille*, confined at the wrists by an embroidered cuff of *tulle*, surmounted by a full ruffle of broad lace. The cap is of broad blond, turned back from the face, and the hair confined across the forehead by a net-bandeau of pink satin. Under the border of the cap, and laying on the hair, is placed, on the right side, a bouquet of flowers, consisting of a large full-blown Provence rose and branches of fern: over the left temple is a small bouquet, formed of the pink flowers named *Venus's Fly-trap*, with their green foliage.

WALKING DRESS.

A dress of buff-colored muslin, with a narrow flounce of white muslin next the feet; over this is a broad flounce ornament cut in deep square

notches, the inside of which, notches are jagged *en sue*. This is also of white muslin, and it is bound round, and surmounted by green satin rouleau binding. The corsage is made high, up to the throat, and down each side of the bust is a triple ornament of white muslin, fluted, which forms a kind of *fichu* robing down each side, while it gracefully marks out the contours; the waist is encircled by a belt of the same color and material as the dress, fastened on one side with a lozenge-shaped buckle of gold. A triple ruff of lace encircles the throat; the sleeves are à *Pimbécille*, and are confined at the wrists by narrow bracelets of white and gold enamel; the hat is of white *gros de Naples*, ornamented with puffings of the same, and white *Guelldre* roses. Under the brim are points of ribbon, terminated by small rosettes, consisting of one loop and one end. The hat ties under the chin with a *mentonnière* of blond, and strings of broad white ribbon, brocaded, float over the shoulders. The half-boots worn with this dress are *Nankeen*.

THE GATHERER.

"Excursive let my wandering footsteps stray,
And bear the harvest of reflection home."

CELEBRATION OF GÖETHE'S BIRTH-DAY. HIS PARENTAGE.

THE anniversary of the birth of Göethe, on the 28th August, was celebrated with great pomp in several cities in Germany, but especially in Frankfort, where he was born. Among other modes of rejoicing, were a dinner, ball, and concert, given in his honor at the Hotel of the Weidenhof, and attended by upwards of 150 persons, who were entertained with orations, musical compositions, and poetical effusions made for the occasion, as well as a variety of airs and pieces, the words entirely by Göethe, the music by Beethoven, Nägeli, Schuyder, von Martensee, and Just. The Weidenhof was very appropriately chosen as the scene of the festivity, since the poet's grandmother at the time of his birth was the owner of that Inn, and a good deal of interest was excited by a genealogical account of the family of Göethe, drawn from the archives of the city of Frankfort, and was as follows:

Göethe's great grandfather, Hans Christian Göethe, lived in the middle of the seventeenth century, at Artern, in the county of Mansfield, and followed the calling of a farrier. One of the sons of Hans Göethe, Frederic George, born on the 7th September, 1657, was apprenticed to a tailor, lived several years in France as an itinerant journeyman, and afterwards came to settle at Frankfort on the Maine, where he married (1687) the daughter of Sebastian Lutz, a master tailor, and himself became a master in the same trade. She died early, (1700,) but not before she had borne several children. After living some years a widower, Frederic George married a second time, and espoused the Widow Cornelia Schelhorn, who, on the death of her former husband, had succeeded to the Weidenhof Hotel, of which her second husband un-

dertook the management. In the course of a twenty-five years' happy union, many children were born to this couple, all of whom through the flourishing state of their affairs, they were able to bring up with every advantage of education. He died in 1730 at the age of 73, she in 1754. Of this marriage came John Gaspar Göethe, born on the 31st July, 1710, the father of Göethe, the poet. In consequence of the talents he early displayed, he received a liberal and scientific education, and took his doctor's degree, and lived in his native city as imperial resident and acting councillor, to which offices he was appointed on the grounds of his extraordinary knowledge and aptitude for affairs. In the thirty-eighth year of his age, he married Katherine Elizabeth Textor, the seventeenth daughter of the city bailiff and imperial councillor, Textor, at whose house his business continually required his attendance. This marriage was solemnized on the 20th August, 1748.

Göethe's father died after a happy union of thirty-four years, on the 27th May, 1782, seventy two years old; his mother lived to see her son great and famous; she died on the 13th September, 1788, aged 77.

BERANGER'S RELEASE FROM PRISON.

The daily journals have noticed the expiration of the term of imprisonment of the celebrated Beranger, and his consequent release from durance. This event "*Le Globe*" notices as follows:—"Beranger is at length released from prison, after nine months peaceably passed in solitary study, in sweet communion with a few faithful friends, and in receiving the visits of patriots from all parts of France, anxious to become acquainted with him. He lived in his prison as if he were at home: resigned, nor sighing too ardently for his liberty, which he had

risked voluntarily for what he considered true and right to say, nor regretting too deeply the pure sky and the air of the fields, which had been the theme of his muse at the commencement of a former captivity, and which moreover our wretched summer has given him little cause to regret. His health has not suffered; we find him as we could wish to see him; we see the same kind and simple cheerfulness; the same gentle wisdom, tinged with a dash of melancholy; the same noiseless devotion to his own ideas, to his principles as a man of the people, to use his own expression; the somewhat biting raillery of our half aristocratic, half republican manners. He is himself still, only older by a year of meditation, more rich in recollections which have leisurely repassed in his memory, by some true dreams of poesy, and a few additional good deeds."

PAPER TO RESIST HUMIDITY.

M. Engle prepares paper which will resist moisture; to accomplish this, he dips unsized paper once or twice into a clear solution of mastic in oil of turpentine, and dries it by a gentle heat. The paper, without becoming transparent, has all the properties of writing paper, and may be used for the same purposes. It is especially recommended for passports, workmen's books, legal papers, &c. When preserved for years, it is free from injury, either by humidity, mice, or insects. It is further added, that a solution of caoutchouc will produce even a still better effect.

CEMENTATION OF IRON BY CAST IRON.

Pure iron, when surrounded by, and in contact with cast iron turnings, and heated, is carbonized very rapidly, so as to harden, to temper, and in fact to exhibit all the properties of steel. M. Gautier finds this to be a very advantageous process in numerous cases, especially where the articles to be case hardened, or converted into steel, are small, as iron wire, or wire gauze. The temperature required is

not so high as that required in the ordinary process of cementation, and the pieces to be carbonized are not injured in form. The kind of cast iron used should be the gray metal, and the more minutely it is divided, the more rapid and complete is the operation. By covering the mass of cast metal, in which the iron to be carbonized is enveloped, with sand, oxidation from contact of the air is prevented, and the cast metal may be used many times. Plumbago, experimented with in the same manner, does not produce the effect.

EXAMINATION OF PATENT CLAIMS.

Since 1826, the applications for patents in Piedmont and Sardinia have been referred to the Academy of Sciences at Turin, with the intention of negating all those founded in ignorance or knavery, and supporting only those which are true improvements, and in their effects really advantageous to the arts. Although the number of patents has been excessively diminished in consequence, yet it appears that the applications have increased in an extraordinary degree. The academicians, though much engaged in the year 1826 in examining claims, were poorly rewarded by the occurrence of actual improvement. Only two machines were brought forward which received their sanction.

CATS.

There is a propensity belonging to common house-cats that is very remarkable; I mean their violent fondness for fish, which appears to be their most favorite food; and yet nature in this instance seems to have planted in them an appetite that, unassisted, they know not how to gratify; for, of all quadrupeds, cats are the least disposed towards water, and will not, when they can avoid it, deign to wet a foot, much less to plunge into that element. Mr. Leonard, a very intelligent friend of mine, saw a cat catch a trout by darting upon it in a deep clear water, at the mill at Weaford, near Lichfield. The cat be-

longed to Mr. Stanley, who had often seen her catch fish in the same manner in summer, when the mill pool was drawn so low that the fish could be seen. I have heard of other cats taking fish in shallow water, as they stood on the bank. This seems to be a natural method of taking their prey, usually lost by domestication, though they will retain a strong relish for fish. The Rev. W. Bingley mentions another instance of a cat freely taking the water, related by his friend Mr. Bill of Christ-church. When he lived at Wallington, near Carshalton, in Surrey, he had a cat that was often known to plunge, without hesitation, into the river Wandle, and swim over to an island at a little distance from the bank. To this there could be no other inducement than the fish she might catch on her passage, or the vermin that the island afforded. These are curious instances; but the following, which may be depended on as a fact, is still more remarkable. At Caverton Mill, in Roxburghshire, a beautiful spot upon the Kale Water, there was a favorite cat, domesticated in the dwelling-house, which stood at two or three hundred yards from the mill. When the mill-work ceased, the water was as usual stopped at the dam-head, and the dam below consequently ran gradually more shallow, often leaving trout, which had ascended when it was full, to struggle back with difficulty to the parent stream; and so well acquainted had Puss become with this circumstance, and so fond was Puss of fish, the moment she heard the noise of the mill-clapper cease, she used to scamper off to the dam, and, up to her belly in the water, continued to catch fish like an otter. It would not be easy to cite a more curious case of animal instinct approaching to reason, and overcoming the usual habits of the species.

CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS.

1. Dissolve a little green vitriol in a glass of water, and add to it a few drops of the solution of the prussiate of potassa, and we obtain a very rich blue

color, which, filtered and dried, is the compound called Prussian blue.

2. If lemon juice be dropped upon any kind of buff color, the dye will be instantly discharged. The application of this acid by means of the block, is one of the methods by means of which calico-printers give the white spots and white figures to piece-goods. They use the crystallized acid, called citric acid, for this purpose.

3. Cut the leaves of a red cabbage into small pieces, pour boiling water upon them, and let them stand for an hour or more; now pour off the water, which will have become of a rich blue color.

4. To a wineglassful of the blue infusion of cabbage (3), add a few drops of oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid), and the blue is changed to a bright red.

5. To another glassful of blue infusion of cabbage, add a little solution of salt of tartar (subcarbonate of potassa), and the blue color is converted into a fine green.

6. To another glass half full of the blue infusion of cabbage, add some liquid oxymuriatic acid (chlorine), and the color is entirely destroyed. Some liquid chlorine, if added to the respective glasses, will destroy the red of 4, and the green of 5.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE Second Series of the Romance of History will shortly appear.

The Life of Lord Byron, by T. Moore, is nearly completed; and Mr. Moore's next work will be (in 1830) a History of Ireland from the earliest authentic records to the emancipation of the Catholics.

On the 20th of November was to have been published, *The Olive Branch*; a Religious Annual for 1830; consisting of original contributions in prose and verse, with a portrait of the Rev. Dr. Gordon.

Memoirs of Rear-Admiral Paul Jones; now first compiled from his original journals, correspondence, and other papers, brought from Paris by his heirs at the time of his death, and from his letters to his relations in Scotland. Including an account of his services under Prince Potemkin, in the celebrated Russian campaign against the Turks in the Black Sea, in 1788, is in the press.

Stories of a Bride, by the authoress of "the Mummy," are also announced for speedy publication.